

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 865.—29 December, 1860.

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A SONG FOR THE UNION.

BY FRANCIS MONTAGUE.

TUNE — "*Star Spangled Banner.*"

Oh, say would you see our bright banner of love
 In the dark crimson tide that disunion is pouring?
 Would you see the proud flag that is waving above,
 Trodden down in the dust where the cannon are roaring?
 And brave freemen robbed of their homes and their soil,
 Which our forefathers bought with their own blood and toil?
 Then for all we hold dear in our free native land,
 By that motto, "Many in one" let us stand.
 Then lift up our flag, let its stars brightly shine,
 As the spangles of heaven in glory are gleaming;
 Unfurl the stripes, too, and let no foe malign
 Mar the colors that in the warm sunlight are streaming.
 For the sake of our country, our homes, and our sires,
 For the Union we'll fight till the last foe expires,
 And cherish that motto uniting in one,
 Our great thirty-three by love's golden zone.
 Oh, say, can stern Fate, when exulting in might,
 This glorious Union, with base faction sever?
 Can this nation, rejoicing in freedom and light,
 Be o'ercome by another? We answer No, never!
 If we cling to that motto of wisdom and might,
 And fight for our country, for truth, and for right;
 Then may the proud flag of our free country wave
 'Till all other nations shall rest in the grave.
Brunswick, Ill., 1860.

—*Dollar Newspaper.*

CHARLEMAGNE AND THE HERMIT.

A LEGEND OF THE DANUBE.

BY WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

CHARLEMAGNE, the mighty monarch,
 As through Metten wood he strayed,
 Found the holy hermit Hutto,
 Toiling in the forest glade.

In his hand the woodman's hatchet,
 By his side the knife and twine,
 There he cut and bound the fagots
 From the gnarled and stunted pine.

Well the monarch knew the hermit,
 For his pious works and cares
 And the wonders which had followed
 On his vigils, fasts, and prayers.

Much he marvelled now to see him
 Toiling there, with axe and cord,
 And he cried in scorn, "O Father!
 Is it thus you serve the Lord?"

But the hermit, resting neither
 Hand nor hatchet, meekly said—
 "He who does no daily labor
 May not ask for daily bread;

"Think not that my graces slumber
 While I toil throughout the day,
 For all honest work is worship,
 And to labor is to pray.

"Think not that the heavenly blessing
 From the workman's hand removes,
 Who does best his task appointed
 Him the Master most approves."

While he spoke the hermit, pausing
 For a moment, raised his eyes
 Where the overhanging branches
 Swayed beneath the sunset skies.

Through the dense and vaulted forest
 Straight the level sunbeam came,
 Shining like a golden rafter
 Poised upon a sculptured frame.

Suddenly, with kindling features,
 While he breathes a silent prayer,
 See the hermit throws his hatchet
 Lightly upward in the air.

Bright the well-worn steel is gleaming,
 As it flashes through the shade,
 And, descending, lo! the sunbeam
 Holds it dangling by the blade!

"See my son," exclaimed the hermit,
 "See the token sent from heaven,
 Thus to humble, patient effort,
 Faith's miraculous aid is given.

"Toiling, hoping, often fainting,
 As we labor, Love divine
 Through the shadows pours its sunlight,
 Crowns the work—vouchsafes the sign!"

Homeward slowly went the monarch,
 Till he reached his palace hall,
 Where he strode among his warriors,
 He the bravest of them all.

Soon the Benedictine Abbey
 Rose beside the hermit's cell,
 He, by royal hands invested,
 Ruled as Abbot long and well.

Now, beside the rushing Danube,
 Still its ruined walls remain,
 Telling of the hermit's patience,
 And the zeal of Charlemagne.

—*Independent.*

THE MORNING GLORY.

SWEET flower of the golden hour,
Unknown to song or story;
Suffused with dews and heavenly hues—
Auroral Morning Glory.

Oh, briefly bright, as orient light,
The opening day adorning;
The purple flush, the crimson blush,
The miracle of morning.

Too soon, too soon, the strength of noon
O'ercomes thy life's endeavor:
And heat and cold thy petals fold,
And blight thy bloom forever.

I love to spy thine azure eye;
I love thee faded even;
Like mine, thy birth is of the earth,
Though erst they seemed of heaven.

The golden days the mellow haze,
The meadows gleaned and hoary,
Have charms for me, but not like thee,
Transcendent Morning Glory.

Soon yields the strife thy gentle life,
Perfect yet transitory;
Though brief, be mine as pure as thine,
Unsullied Morning Glory.

Thy beauty's bloom may find a tomb,
E'en in serene September;
But long shall I, with tear and sigh,
Thy loveliness remember.

So, fair and brave may find a grave—
Asylum ne'er invaded—
When life's brief hour, like this frail flower,
Too soon has flushed and faded.

—Independent.

E. N. P.

CLOUDS.

A CLOUD upon the sky!
Flowers close their cups, the butterfly his wing,
The restless birds cease all at once to sing,
The shivering leaves foretell a shower is nigh—

Let the gray evening darken into night!
To-morrow's sun will only shine more bright—
Such clouds as this pass by!

A cloud upon the brow!
A palsy of the thought so free before,
A sense of effort never known of yore,
A sudden change 'twixt yesterday and now.
If we would scan it, it eludes the sight,
And yet your spirits own its subtle might—
Will this cloud pass, and how?

A cloud upon the heart!
What pleased so late, has lost its charm to-day;
The trust undoubting seems misplaced and bold,
The kindly words sound distant, stiff, and cold;
The form remains, the life has passed away,

Each shrouded spirit acts its former part,
Smile still meets smile, but heart is far from heart—

Will this cloud e'er depart?

What wrought the clouds we mourn?
Was it some truth outspoken, love should hide?
Some want of reverence in a playful mood—
Some thought confided and not understood—
Some chill to feeling, or some shock to pride?
Enough—they're risen—grief and tears are vain,
After the darkness and the bursts of rain
Such clouds as these return!

THE CLOSE OF AUTUMN.

THE dry leaves, whirling in the breeze,
Dance the old dooryard elms beneath,
And the last lingerers on the trees
Join one by one, the waltz of death.
Some lie becalmed in sheltered nooks,
Dead surges of a leafy sea,
Some blind with brown the shining brooks,
Some run mad races on the lea.

They flutter through each windward door,
Like birds wing-wearied by the storm,
They skirmish every gust before,
They fill the woods—a silent swarm.
But whirling on the air elate,
Or stirless in the forest gray,
Dead leaves are hieroglyphs of fate,
The symbols of our own decay.

Weird voices in the cedars moan,
And prophesy of winter near,
And a sad, quivering semi-tone
Runs through the reeds and broomsedge sere;
Birds hurrying from the clouded north,
Of coming storms the tidings bring,
The mole delves deeper in the earth,
The insect world has ceased to sing.

Axes are reaping in the wood
Dry fuel for the winter fire,
With quicker step, to warm his blood,
The farmer moves through barn and byre;
The wind that shook the tasseled corn
Among its bare stalks, ghostlike grieves;
And everywhere the trees forlorn,
Seem mourning for their perished leaves.

The night-frost with its silvery crust,
Shall clothe those leaves, and make them fair,
And spicy odors—as they must—
By day shall scent the woodland air.
And so, when good men sleep in death,
Upon their graves a brightness lies,
And sweeter than the dead leaves' breath,
The memories of their virtues rise.

—N. Y. Weekly Mercury.

CHAPTER IV.

"Even in our ashes glow the wonted fires."

—GREY.

"My dear, I did not like the voice that I heard just now."

"I am sure I was not out of temper."

"Indeed?"

"Well, I am sure any one would be vexed."

"Cannot you tell me what was the matter without being sure so often?"

"I am sure—there, mamma, I beg your pardon—I am sure I did not mean to complain."

"Only, Sarah, neither your voice had such a ring, nor are you so sure when nothing has gone wrong. What was it?"

"It is that photography, mamma. Miss Sandbrook is so busy with it! I could not copy in my translation that I did yesterday, because she had not looked over it, and when she said she was coming presently, I am afraid I said it was always presently and never present. I believe I did say it crossly, and I am sorry I denied it," and poor Sarah's voice was low and meek enough.

"Coming? Where is she?"

"In the dark chamber, doing a positive of the Cathedral."

Mrs. Prendergast entered the schoolroom, outside which she had been holding this colloquy. The powerful sun of high summer was filling the room with barred light through the Venetian blinds, and revealing a rather confused mass of the appliances of study, interspersed with saucers of water in which were bathing paper photographs, and every shelf of books had a fringe of others on glass set up to dry. On the table lay a paper of books, a three-tailed artificial minnow, and another partly clothed with silver twist, a fly-book, and a quantity of feathers and silks.

"I must tell Francis that the schoolroom is no place for his fishing-tackle!" exclaimed Mrs. Prendergast.

"O mamma, it is Miss Sandbrook's. She is teaching him to dress flies, because she says he can't be a real fisherman without, and the trout always rise at hers. It is quite beautiful to see her throw. That delicate little hand is so strong and ready."

A door was opened, and out of the housemaid's closet, defended from light by a yellow blind at every crevice, came eager exclamations of "Famous," "Capital," "The tower

comes out to perfection," and in another moment Lucilla Sandbrook, in all her bloom and animation, was in the room, followed by a youth of some eighteen years, Francis Beaumont, an Indian nephew of Mrs. Prendergast.

"Hit off at last, isn't it, aunt? Those dog-tooth mouldings will satisfy even the uncle."

"Really it is very good," said Mrs. Prendergast, as it was held up to the light for her inspection.

"Miss Sandbrook has bewitched the camera," continued he. "Do you remember the hideous muddles of last summer? But, O Miss Sandbrook, we must have one more; the sun will be off by and by."

"Only ten minutes," said Lucilla, in a deprecating tone. "You must not keep me a second more, let the sun be in ever such good-humor. Come, Sarah, come and show us the place you said would be so good."

"It is too hot," said Sarah, bluntly, "and I can't waste the morning."

"Well, you pattern-pupil, I'll come presently. Indeed I will, Mrs. Prendergast."

"Let me see this translation, Sarah," said Mrs. Prendergast, as the photographers ran down-stairs.

She looked over it carefully, and as the ten minutes had passed without sign of the governess' return, asked what naturally followed in the morning's employment.

"Italian reading, mamma; but never mind."

"Find the place, my dear."

"It is only while Francis is at home. Oh, I wish I had not been cross." And though Sarah usually loved to read to her mother, she was uneasy all the time, watching the door, and pausing to listen at the most moving passages. It was full half an hour before the voices were heard returning, and then there was a call, "Directly, Sarah!" the dark chamber was shut up, and all subsided.

Mrs. Prendergast stayed on, in spite of an imploring glance from her daughter, and after an interval of the mysterious manipulations in the closet, the photograph was borne forth in triumph.

Lucilla looked a little abashed at finding Mrs. Prendergast in presence, and began immediately, "There, Mr. Beaumont, you see! I hope Mrs. Prendergast is going to banish you forthwith; you make us shamefully idle."

"Yes," said Mrs. Prendergast, gravely, "I am going to carry him off at once, and make a law against future invasions."

Francis attempted loud appeals, but his aunt quashed them with demeanor that showed that she was in earnest, and drove him away before her.

"Indeed, Miss Sandbrook," said Sarah, with affectionate compunction, "I did not mean to speak so loud and so crossly."

"My dear," said Lucilla, leaning back and fanning herself with her hat, "we all know that we reverse the laws of teacher and pupil! Small blame to you if you were put out, and now I hope your mamma will keep him to herself, and that I shall have time to get cool. There! read me some French, it is a refreshing process—or practise a little. I declare that boy has dragged me in and out so often, that I haven't energy to tell a noun from a verb."

Mrs. Prendergast had hardly descended to the drawing-room before her husband's voice called her to the study, where he stood, his broad mouth distended by a broader smile, his eyes twinkling with merriment.

"Old woman" (his favorite name for her), "do you know what a spectacle I have been witnessing?" and as she signed inquiry, "Mrs. Sprydene, with numerous waggings of the head, and winkings of the eyes, inveigled me into her den, to see—guess!"

"Francis and Miss Sandbrook in the cloister photographing."

"Old woman, you are a witch."

"I knew what they were about, as well as Mrs. Sprydene's agony to open my eyes."

"So your obstinate blindness drove her to me! She thought it right that I should be aware—The Close, it seems, is in a fever about that poor girl. What do you know? Is it all gossip?"

"I know there is gossip, as a law of nature, but I have not chosen to hear it."

"Then you think it all nonsense?"

"Not all."

"Well, what then? The good ladies seem terribly scandalized by her dress. Is there any harm in that? I always thought it very becoming."

"Exactly so," said his wife, smiling.

"If it is too smart, can't you give her a hint?"

"When she left off her mourning, she spoke to me, saying that he could not afford not to wear out what she already had. I quite agreed; and though I could wish there were

less stylishness about her, it is pleasant to one's own eye, and I see nothing to object to."

"I'm sure it is no concern of the ladies, then! And how about this lad? One of their wild notions, is not it? I have heard her tell him a half a dozen times that she was six years his elder."

"Four-and-twenty is just the age that young-looking girls like to boast of. I am not afraid on her account; she has plenty of sense and principle, and I believe, too, there is a very sore spot in her heart, poor girl. She plays with him as a mere boy; but he is just at the time of life for a passion for a woman older than himself, and his devotion certainly excites her more than I could wish."

"I'll tell you what, Peter didn't like it at all."

"Peter was certainly not in a gracious mood when he was here last week. I could not make out whether seeing her a governess were too much for him, or whether he suspected me of ill-using her."

"No, no; it was rivalry between him and Master Francis!" said the Doctor, laughing. "How he launched out against young men's conceit when Francis was singing with her. Sheer jealousy! He could see nothing but dilapidation, dissent, and dirt at Laneham, and now has gone and refused it."

"Refused Laneham!—that capital college living!—with no better dependence than his fellowship, and such a curacy as Wrapworth?"

"Indeed he has. Here's his letter. You may read it and give it to Miss Sandbrook if you like—he seems quite dispirited."

"Too old to enter on a new field of duties," read Mrs. Prendergast indignantly. "Why, he is but forty-four! What did he think of us for coming here?"

"Despised me for it," said the Doctor, smiling. "Never mind; he will think himself younger as he grows older—and one can't blame him for keeping to Wrapworth as long as the old Dean of ——— lives, especially as those absentee Charterises do so much harm."

"He does not expect them to give him the living? They ought, I am sure, after his twenty years' labor there already."

"Not they! Mr. Charteris gratuitously wrote to tell him that, on hearing of his burying that poor young Mrs. Sandbrook there,

all scruples had been removed, and the next presentation was offered for sale. You need not tell Miss Sandbrook so."

"Certainly not; but pray how does Peter mean to avoid the new field of duty, if he be sure of turning out on the Dean's death? Oh! I see—"finish his days at his College, if the changes at the University have not rendered it insupportable to one who remembers elder and better days." Poor Peter! Well, these are direful consequences of Miss Sandbrook's fit of flightiness! Yes, I'll show her the letter, it might tame her a little; and poor thing, I own I liked her better when she was soft and subdued."

"Ha! Then you are not satisfied? Don't go. Let me know how it is. I am sure Sarah is distracted about her—more than even Francis. I would not part with her for a great deal, not only on Peter's account, but on her own and Sarah's; but these ladies have raked up all manner of Charteris scandal, and we are quite in disgrace for bringing her here."

"Yes," said Mrs. Prendergast, "while we lived at our dear old country home, I never quite believed what I heard of jealous ill-nature, but I have seen how it was ever since those Christmas parties, when certainly people paid her a great deal of attention."

"Who would not?—the prettiest, most agreeable young woman there."

"It may be vexatious to be eclipsed not only in beauty, but in style, by a strange governess," said Mrs. Prendergast. "That set all the mothers and daughters against her, and there have been some spiteful little attempts at mortifying her, which have made Sarah and me angry beyond description! All that they say only impels me towards her. She is a rare creature, most engaging, but I do sometimes fear that I may have spoilt her a little, for she has certainly not done quite so well of late. At first she worked hard to keep in advance of Sarah, saying how she felt the disadvantage of superficial learning and desultory habits; she kept in the background, and avoided amusements; but I suppose reaction is natural with recovered spirits, and this summer she has taken less pains, and has let Francis occupy her too much, and—what I like least of all—her inattention brings back the old rubs with Sarah's temper."

"You must take her in hand."

"If she were but my daughter or niece!"
"I thought you had made her feel as such."

"This sort of reproof is the difficulty, and brings back the sense of our relative positions. However, the thing is to be done as much for her sake as for our own."

Lucilla knew that a lecture was impending, but she really loved and esteemed Mrs. Prendergast too much to prepare to champ the bit. That lady's warmth and simplicity, and, above all, the largeness of mind, that prevented her from offending or being offended by trifles, had endeared her extremely to the young governess. Not only had these eight months passed without the squabble that Owen had predicted would send her to Hiltonbury in a week, but Cilla had decidedly, though insensibly, laid aside many of the sentiments and habits in which poor Honor's opposition had merely confirmed her. The effect of the sufferings of the past summer had subdued her for a long time, the novelty of her position had awed her, and what Mrs. Prendergast truly called the reaction had been so tardy in coming on that it was a surprise even to herself. Sensible that she had given cause for displeasure, she courted the *tête-à-tête*, and herself began thus—"I beg your pardon for my idleness. It is a fatal thing to be recalled to the two passions of my youth—fishing and photography."

"My husband will give Francis employment in the morning," said Mrs. Prendergast. "It will not do to give Sarah's natural irritability too many excuses for outbreaks."

"She never accepts excuses," said Lucilla, "though I am sure she might. I have been a sore trial to her diligence and methodicalness; and her soul is too much bent on her work for us to drag her out to be foolish, as would be best for her."

"So it might be for her; but, my dear, pardon me, I am not speaking only for Sarah's sake."

With an odd jerk of head and hand, Cilly exclaimed, "Oh! the old story—the other f—flirting, is it?"

"I never said that! I never thought that," cried Mrs. Prendergast, shocked at the word and idea that had never crossed her mind.

"If not," said Cilla, "it is because you are too innocent to know flirting when you see it! Dear Mrs. Prendergast, I didn't think you would have looked so grave."

"I did not think you would have spoken so lightly; but it is plain that we do not mean the same thing."

"In fact, you, in your quietness, think awfully of that which for years was to me like breathing! I thought the taste was gone forever, but, you see"—and her sweet, sad expression pleaded for her—"you have made me so happy that the old self is come back." There was a silence, broken by this strange girl saying, "Well, what are you going to do to me?"

"Only," said the lady, in her sweet, full, impressive voice, "to beg you will indeed be happy in giving yourself no cause for self-reproach."

"I'm past that," said Lucilla, with a smile on her lip and a tear in her eye. "I've not known that sensation since my father died. My chief happiness since that has lain in being provoking, but you have taken away that pleasure. I couldn't purposely vex you, even if I were your adopted child!"

Without precisely knowing the full amount of these words, Mrs. Prendergast understood past bitterness and present warmth, and, gratified to find that at least there was no galling at their mutual relations, responded with a smile and a caress that led Lucilla to continue, "As for the word that dismayed you, I only meant to acknowledge an unlucky propensity to be excited about any nonsense, in which any *man* kind is mixed up. If Sarah would take to it, I could more easily abstain, but you see her coqueries are with nobody more recent than Horace and Dante."

"I cannot wish it to be otherwise with her," said Mrs. Prendergast, gravely.

"No! It is a bad speculation," said Lucilla, sadly. "She will never wish half her life could be pulled out like defective crochet! nor wear out good people's forbearance with her antics. I did think they were outgrown and beat out of me, and that your nephew was too young; but I suppose it is ingrain, and that I should be flattered by the attentions of a he-baby of six months old! But I'll do my best, Mrs. Prendergast; I promise you I'll not be the schoolmistress abroad in the morning, and you shall see what terms I will keep with Mr. Beaumont."

Mrs. Prendergast was less pleased after than before this promise. It was again that freedom of expression that the girl had learned among the Charterises, and the

ideas that she accepted as mere matters of course that jarred upon the matron, whose secluded life had preserved her in far truer refinement. She did not know how to reply, and, as a means of ending the discussion, gave her Mr. Prendergast's letter, but was amazed at her reception of it.

"Passed the living? Famous! He will stick to Wrapworth to the last gasp! That is fidelity! Pray tell him so from me."

"You had better send your message through Dr. Prendergast. We cannot but be disappointed, though I understand your feeling for Wrapworth, and we are sorry for the dispirited tone about the letter."

"Well he may be, all alone there, and seeing poor Castle Blanch going to rack and ruin. I could cry about it whenever I think of it; but how much worse it would have been if he had deserted too! As long as he is in the old vicarage there is a home spot to me in the world! Oh, I thank him, I do thank him for standing by the old place to the last."

"It is preposterous," thought Mrs. Prendergast. "I won't tell the Doctor. He would think it so foolish in him, and improper in her: but I verily believe it is her influence that keeps him at Wrapworth! He cannot bear to cross her wishes or give her pain. Well, I am thankful that Sarah is neither beautiful nor attractive."

Sincere was Lucilla's intention to resume her regular habits, and put a stop to Francis Beaumont's attentions, but the attraction had already gone so far that repression rendered him the more assiduous, and often bore the aspect (if it were not absolutely the coyness) of coquetry. While deprecating from her heart any attachment on her part, her vanity was fanned at finding herself in her present position as irresistible as ever, and his eagerness to obtain a smile or word from her was such an agreeable titillation, that every thing else became flat, and her hours in the school-room an imprisonment. Sarah's methodical earnestness in study bored her, and she was sick of restraint and application. Nor was this likely to be merely a passing evil, for Francis' parents were in India, and Southminster was his only English home. Nay, even when he had returned to his tutor, Lucilla was not restored to her better self. Her craving for excitement had been awakened, and her repugnance to mental exertion had

been yielded to. The routine of lessons had become bondage, and she sought every occasion of variety, seeking to outshine and dazzle the ladies of Southminster, playing off Castle Blanch fascinations on curates and minor canons, and sometimes flying at higher game, even beguiling the Dean himself into turning over her music when she sang.

She had at first, by the use of all her full-grown faculties, been just able to keep sufficiently ahead of her pupil; but her growing indolence soon caused her to slip back, and not only did she let Sarah shoot ahead of her, but she became impatient of the girl's habits of accuracy and research; she would give careless and vexatious answers, insist petulantly on correcting by the ear, make light of Sarah and her grammar, and hastily reject or hurry from the maps, dictionaries, and cyclopædias with which Sarah's training had taught her to read and learn. But her dislike of trouble in supporting an opinion did not make her the less pertinacious in upholding it, and there were times when she was wrathful and petulant at Sarah's presumption in maintaining the contrary, even with all the authorities in the bookshelves to back her.

Sarah's temper was not her prime quality, and altercations began to run high. Each dispute that took place only prepared the way for another, and Mrs. Prendergast, having taken a governess chiefly to save her daughter from being fretted by interruptions, found that her annoyances were tenfold increased, and irritations were almost habitual. They were the more disappointing because the girl preserved through them all such a passionate admiration for her beautiful and charming little governess, that, except in the very height of a squabble, she still believed her perfection, and was her most vehement partisan, even when the wrong had been chiefly on the side of the teacher.

On the whole, in spite of this return to old faults, Lucilla was improved by her residence at Southminster. Defiance had fallen into disuse, and the habit of respect and affection had softened her and lessened her pride; there was more devotional temper and a greater desire after a religious way of life. It might be that her fretfulness was the effect of an uneasiness of mind, which was more hopeful than her previous fierce self-satisfaction, and that her aberrations were the last

efforts of old evil habits to re-establish their grasp by custom, when her heart was becoming detached from them.

Be that as it might, Mrs. Prendergast's first duty was to her child, her second to the nephew entrusted to her, and love and pity as she might, she felt that to retain Lucilla was leading all into temptation. Her husband was slow to see the verification of her reluctant opinion, but he trusted to her, and it only remained to part as little harshly or injuriously as might be.

An opening was afforded when, in October, Mrs. Prendergast was entreated by the widow of one of her brothers to find her a governess for two girls of twelve and ten, and two boys younger. It was at a country-house, so much secluded that such temptations as at Southminster were out of reach, and the younger pupils were not likely to try her temper in the same way as Sarah had done.

So Mrs. Prendergast tenderly explained that Sarah, being old enough to pursue her studies alone, and her sister, Mrs. Willis Beaumont, being in distress for a governess, it would be best to transfer Miss Sandbrook to her. Lucilla turned a little pale, but gave no other sign, only answering, "Thank you," and "Yes," at fit moments, and acceding to every thing, even to her speedy departure at the end of a week.

She left the room in silence, more stunned than even by Robert's announcement, and with less fictitious strength to brave the blow that she had brought on herself. She repaired to the schoolroom, and leaning her brow against the window-pane, tried to gather her thoughts, but scarcely five minutes had passed before the door was thrown back, and in rushed Sarah, passionately exclaiming,—

"It's my fault! It's all my fault; O Miss Sandbrook, dearest Miss Sandbrook, forgive me! O my temper! my temper! I never thought—I'll go to papa! I'll tell him it is my doing! He will never—never be so unjust and cruel!"

"Sarah, stand up; let me go, please," said Lucy, unclasping the hands from her waist. "This is not right. Your father and mother both think the same, and so do I. It is just that I should go—"

"You sha'n't say so! It is my crossness! I won't let you go. I'll write to Peter! He won't let you go!" Sarah was really beside herself with despair, and as her mother ad-

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vanced, and would have spoken, turned round sharply, "Don't, don't, mamma; I won't come away unless you promise not to punish her for my temper. You have minded those horrid, wicked, gossiping ladies. I didn't think you would!"

"Sarah," said Lucilla, resolutely, "going mad in this way just shows that I am doing you no good. You are not behaving properly to your mother."

"She never acted unjustly before."

"That is not for you to judge, in the first place; and in the next, she acts justly. I feel it. Yes, Sarah, I do; I have not done my duty by you, and have quarrelled with you when your industry shamed me. All my old bad habits are come back, and your mother is right to part with me."

"There! there, mamma; do you hear that?" sobbed Sarah, imploringly. "When she speaks in that way, can you still— Oh, I know I was disrespectful, but you can't—you can't think that was her fault!"

"It was," said Lucilla, looking at Mrs. Prendergast. "I know she has lost the self-control she once had. Sarah, this is of no use. I would go now, if your mother begged me to stay—and that," she added, with her firm smile, "and that she is too wise to do. If you do not wish to pain me, and put me to shame, do not let me have any more such exhibitions."

Pale, ashamed, discomfited, Sarah turned away, and not yet able to govern herself, rushed into her room.

"Poor Sarah!" said her mother. "You have rare powers of making your pupils love you, Miss Sandbrook."

"If it were for their good," sighed Lucilla.

"It has been much for her good; she is far less uncouth, and less exclusive. And it will be more so, I hope. You will still be her friend, and we shall often see you here."

Lucilla's tears were dropping fast; and looking up, she said with difficulty, "Don't mind this; I know it is right; I have not deserved the happy home you have given me here. Where I am less happy, I hope I may keep a better guard on myself. I thought the old ways had been destroyed, but they are too strong still, and I ought to suffer for them."

Never in all her days had Lucilla spoken so humbly!

CHAPTER V.

"Though she's as like to this one as a crab is like to an apple, I can tell what I can tell."—
KING LEAR.

OFTEN a first grief, where sorrow has hitherto been a stranger, is but the foretaste to many another, like the first hail-storm, after long sunshine, preluding a succession of showers, the clouds returning after the rain, and obscuring the sky of life for many a day.

Those who daily saw Mrs. Fulmort scarcely knew whether to attribute her increasing invalidism to debility or want of spirits; and hopes were built on summer heat, till, when it came, it prostrated her strength, and at last, when some casual ailment had confined her to bed, there was no rally. All took alarm; a physician was called in, and the truth was disclosed. There was no formed disease; but her husband's death, though apparently hardly comprehended, had taken away the spring of life, and she was withering like a branch severed from the stem. Remedies did but disturb her torpor by feverish symptoms that hastened her decline, and Dr. Martyn privately told Miss Chalcote that the absent sons and daughters ought to be warned that the end might be very near.

Honor, as lovingly and gently as possible, spoke to Phœbe. The girl's eyes filled with tears, but it was in an almost well-pleased tone that she said, "Dear mamma, I always knew she felt it."

"Ah! little did we think how deeply went the stroke that showed no wound!"

"Yes! She felt that she was going to him. We could never have made her happy here."

"You are content, my unselfish one?"

"Don't talk to me about myself, please!" implored Phœbe. "I have too much to do for that. What did he say? That the others should be written to? I will take my case and write in mamma's room."

Immediate duty was her refuge from anticipation, gentle tendance from the sense of misery, and, though her mother's restless feebleness needed constant waiting on, her four notes were completed before post-time. Augusta was eating red mullet in Guernsey; Juliana was on a round of visits in Scotland;

Mervyn was supposed to be at Paris; Robert alone was near at hand.

At night, Phoebe sent Boodle to bed; but Miss Fennimore insisted on sharing her pupil's watch. At first there was nothing to do; the patient had fallen into a heavy slumber, and the daughter sat by the bed, the governess at the window, unoccupied save by their books. Phoebe was reading Miss Maurice's invaluable counsels to the nurses of the dying. Miss Fennimore had the Bible. It was not from a sense of appropriateness, as in pursuance of her system of re-examination. Always admiring the Scripture in a patronizing temper, she had gloried in critical inquiry, and regarded plenary inspiration as a superstition, covering weak points by pretensions to infallibility. But since her discussions with Robert, and her readings of Butler with Bertha, she had begun to weigh for herself the internal, intrinsic evidence of Divine origin, above all, in the Gospels, which, to her surprise, enchained her attention and investigation, as she would have thought beyond the power of such simple words.

Pilate's question, "What is truth?" was before her. To her it was a link of evidence. Without even granting that the writer was the fisherman he professed to be, what, short of Shaksperian intuition, could thus have depicted the Roman of the early Empire in equal dread of Cæsar and of the populace, at once unscrupulous and timid, condemning Jewish prejudice, yet, with lingering mythological superstition, trembling at the hint of a present Deity in human form; and, lost in the bewilderment of the later Greek philosophy, greeting the word *truth* with the startled inquiry, what it might be. What is truth? It had been the question of Miss Fennimore's life, and she felt a blank and a disappointment as it stood unanswered. A movement made her look up. Phoebe was raising her mother, and Miss Fennimore was needed to support the pillows.

"Phoebe, my dear, are you here?"

"Yes, dear mamma, I always am."

"Phoebe, my dear, I think I am soon going. You have been a good child, my dear; I wish I had done more for you all."

"Dear mamma, you have always been so kind."

"They didn't teach me like Honora Charlecote," she faltered on; "but I always did

as your poor papa told me. Nobody ever told me how to be religious, and your poor papa would not have liked it. Phoebe, you know more than I do. You don't think God will be hard with me, do you? I am such a poor creature; but there is the Blood that takes away sin."

"Dear mother, that is the blessed trust."

"The *Truth*," flashed upon Miss Fennimore, as she watched their faces.

"Will He give me His own goodness?" said Mrs. Fulmort, wistfully. "I never did know how to think about Him—I wish I had cared more. What do you think, Phoebe?"

"I cannot tell how to answer fully, dear mamma," said Phoebe; "but indeed it is safe to think of His great loving-kindness and mercy. Robert will be here to-morrow. He will tell you better."

"He will give me the Holy Sacrament," said Mrs. Fulmort, "and then I shall go—"

Presently she moved uneasily. "O Phoebe, I am so tired. Nothing rests me."

"There remaineth a rest," gently whispered Phoebe—and Miss Fennimore thought the young face had something of the angel in it—"no more weariness there."

"They won't think what a poor dull thing I am there," added her mother. "I wish I could take poor Maria with me! They don't like her here, and she will be teased and put about."

"No, mother, never while I can take care of her!"

"I know, you will, Phoebe, if you say so. Phoebe love, when I see God, I shall thank Him for having made you so good and dear, and letting me have some comfort in one of my children."

Phoebe tried to make her think of Robert, but she was exhausted, dozed, and was never able to speak so much again.

Miss Fennimore thought instead of reading. Was it the mere effect on her sympathies that bore in on her mind that Truth existed, and was grasped by the mother and daughter? What was there in those faltering accents that impressed her with reality? Why, of all her many instructors, had none touched her like poor, ignorant, feeble-minded Mrs. Fulmort?

Robert arrived the next day. His mother knew him, and was roused sufficiently to accept his offices as a clergyman. Then, as if

she thought it was expected of her, she asked for her young daughters, but when they came, she looked distressed and perplexed.

"Bless them, mother," said Robert, bending over her, and she evidently accepted this as what she wanted; but "How—what?" she added; and taking the uncertain hand, he guided it to the head of each of his three sisters, and prompted the words of blessing from the failing tongue. Then as Bertha rose, he sank on his knees in her place, "Bless me, bless me, too, mother; bless me, and pardon my many acts of self-will."

"You are good—you—you are a clergyman," she hesitated, bewildered.

"The more reason, mamma; it will comfort him." And it was Phæbe who won for her brother the blessing needed as balm to a bleeding heart.

"The others are away," said the dying woman; "may be, if I had made them good when they were little, they would not have left me now."

While striving to join in prayer for them, she slumbered, and in the course of the night she slept herself tranquilly away from the world where even prosperity had been but a troubled maze to her.

Augusta arrived, weeping profusely, but with all her wits about her, so as to assume the command, and provide for her own, and her Admiral's comfort. Phæbe was left to the mournful repose of having no one to whom to attend, since Miss Fennimore provided for the younger ones; and in the lassitude of bodily fatigue and sorrow, she shrank from Maria's babyish questions and Bertha's levity and curiosity, spending her time chiefly alone. Even Robert could not often be with her, since Mervyn's absence and silence threw much on him and Mr. Crabbe, the executor and guardian; and the Bannermans were both exacting and self-important. The Actons, having been pursued by their letters from place to place in the Highlands, at length arrived, and Mervyn last of all, only just in time for the funeral.

Phæbe did not see him till the evening after it, when having spent the day nearly alone, she descended to the late dinner, and after the quietness in which she had lately lived, and with all the tenderness from fresh suffering, it seemed to her that she was entering on a distracting turmoil of voices. Mervyn, however, came forward at once to meet her,

threw his arm round her, and kissed her rather demonstratively, saying, "My little Phæbe, I wondered where you were;" then putting her into a chair, and bending over her, "We are in for the funeral games. Stand up for yourself!"

She did not know in the least what he could mean, but she was too sick at heart to ask; she only thought he looked unwell, jaded, and fagged, and with a heated complexion.

He handed Lady Acton into the dining-room; Augusta following with Sir Bevil, was going to the head of the table, when he called out, "That's Phæbe's place!"

"Not before my elders," Phæbe answered, trying to seat herself at the side.

"The sister at home is mistress of the house," he sternly answered. "Take your proper place, Phæbe."

In much discomfort she obeyed, and tried to attend civilly to Sir Nicholas' observations on the viands, hoping to intercept a few, as she perceived how they chafed her eldest brother.

At last, on Mervyn himself roundly abusing the flavor of the ice-pudding, Augusta not only defended it, but confessed to having herself directed Mrs. Brisbane to the concoction that morning.

"Mrs. Brisbane shall take orders from no lady but Miss Fulmort, while she is in my house," thundered Mervyn.

Phæbe, in agony, began to say, she knew not what, to Sir Bevil, and he seconded her with equal vehemence and incoherency, till by the time they knew what they were talking of, they were with much interest discussing his little daughter, scarcely turning their heads from one another, till, in the midst of desert, the voice of Juliana was heard, "Sir Bevil, Sir Bevil, if you can spare me any attention—what was the name of that person at Hampstead that your sister told me of?"

"That person! What, where poor Anne Acton was boarded? Dr. Graham, he called himself, but I don't believe he was a physician. Horrid vulgar fellow!"

"Excellent for the purpose, though," continued Lady Acton, addressing herself as before to Mr. Crabbe; "advertises for nervous or deficient ladies, and boards them on very fair terms: would take her quite off our hands."

Phæbe turned a wild look of imploring in-

terrogation on Sir Bevil, but a certain family telegraph had electrified him, and his eyes were on the grapes that he was eating with nervous haste. Her blood boiling at what she apprehended, Phœbe could endure her present post no longer, and starting up, made the signal for leaving the dinner-table so suddenly that Augusta choked upon her glass of wine, and carried off her last macaroon in her hand. Before she had recovered breath to rebuke her sister's precipitation, Phœbe with boldness and spirit quite new to the sisters, was confronting Juliana, and demanding what she had been saying about Hampstead.

"Only," said Juliana, coolly, "that I have found a capital place there for Maria—a Dr. Graham, who boards and lodges such unfortunates. Sir Bevil had an idiot cousin there who died. I shall write to-morrow."

"I promised that Maria should not be separated from me," said Phœbe.

"Nonsense, my dear," said Augusta; "we could not receive her; she can never be made presentable."

"You?" said Phœbe.

"Yes, my dear; did you not know? You go home with us the day after to-morrow; and next spring I mean to bring you out, and take you everywhere. The Admiral is so generous!"

"But the others!" said Phœbe.

"I don't mind undertaking Bertha," said Lady Acton. "I know of a good school for her, and I shall deposit Maria at Dr. Graham's as soon as I can get an answer."

"Really," continued Augusta, "Phœbe will look very creditable by and by, when she has more color, and not all this crape. Perhaps I shall get her married by the end of the season; only you must learn better manners first, Phœbe—not to rush out of the dining-room in this way. I don't know what I shall do without my other glass of wine—when I am so low, too!"

"A fine mistress of the house, indeed," said Lady Acton. "It is well Mervyn's absurd notion is impossible."

"What was that? To keep us all?" asked Phœbe, catching at the hope.

"Not Maria nor the governess. You need not flatter yourself," said Juliana; "he said he wouldn't have them at any price; and as to keeping house alone with a man of his character, even you may have sense to see it couldn't be for a moment."

"Did Robert consent to Maria's going to Hampstead?" asked Phœbe.

"Robert—what has he to do with it? He has no voice!"

"He said something about getting the three boarded with some clergyman's widow," said Augusta; "buried in some hole, I suppose, to make them like himself—go to church every day, and eat cold dinners on Sunday."

"I should like to see Bertha doing that," said Juliana, laughing.

But the agony of helplessness that had oppressed Phœbe was relieved. She saw an outlet, and could form a resolution. Home might have to be given up, but there was a means of fulfilling her mother's charge, and saving Maria from the private idiot asylum; and for that object Phœbe was ready to embrace perpetual seclusion with the dulllest of widows. She found her sisters discussing their favorite subject,—Mervyn's misconduct and extravagance,—and she was able to sit apart, working, and thinking of her line of action. Only two days! She must be prompt, and not wait for privacy or for counsel. So, when the gentlemen came in, and Mr. Crabbe came towards her, she took him into the window, and asked him if any choice were permitted her as to her residence.

"Certainly; so nearly of age as you are. But I naturally considered that you would wish to be with Lady Bannerman, with all the advantages of London society."

"But she will not receive Maria. I promised that Maria should be my charge. You have not consented to this Hampstead scheme?"

"Her ladyship is precipitate," half-whispered the lawyer. "I certainly would not, till I had seen the establishment, and judged for myself."

"No, nor then," said Phœbe. "Come to-morrow, and see her. She is no subject for an establishment. And I beg you will let me be with her; I would much prefer being with any lady who would receive us both."

"Very amiable," said Mr. Crabbe.

"Ha!" interrupted Mervyn, "you are not afraid I shall let Augusta carry you off, Phœbe. She would give the world to get you, but I don't mean to part with you."

"It is of no use to talk to her, Mervyn," cried Augusta's loud voice from the other end of the room. "She knows that she cannot

remain with you. Robert himself would tell her so."

"Robert knows better than to interfere," said Mervyn, with one of his scowls. "Now then, Phœbe, settle it for yourself. Will you stay and keep house for me at home, or be Augusta's companion? There! the choice of Hercules. Virtue or vice?" he added, trying to laugh.

"Neither," said Phœbe, readily. "My home is fixed by Maria's."

"Phœbe, are you crazy?" broke out the three voices; while Sir Nicholas slowly and sententiously explained that he regretted the unfortunate circumstance, but Maria's peculiarities made it impossible to produce her in society; and that when her welfare and happiness had been consulted by retirement, Phœbe would find a home in his house, and be treated as Lady Bannerman's sister, and a young lady of her expectations deserved.

"Thank you," said Phœbe; then turning to her brother, "Mervyn, do you, too, cast off poor Maria?"

"I told you what I thought of that long ago," said Mervyn, carelessly.

"Very well, then," said Phœbe, sadly; "perhaps you will let us stay till some lady can be found of whom Mr. Crabbe may approve, with whom Maria and I can live."

"Lady Acton!" Sir Bevil's voice was low and entreating, but all heard it.

"I am not going to encumber myself," she answered. "I always disliked girls, and I shall certainly not make Acton Manor an idiot asylum."

"And mind," added Augusta, "you won't come to me for the season! I have no notion of your leaving me all the dull part of the year for some gay widow at a watering-place, and then expecting me to go out with you in London."

"By Heaven!" broke out Mervyn, "they *shall* stay here, if only to balk your spite. My sisters shall not be driven from pillar to post the very day their mother is put under ground."

"Some respectable lady," began Robert.

"Some horrid old harridan of a boarding-house keeper," shouted Mervyn, the louder for his interference. "Ay, you would like it, and spend all their fortunes on parsons in long coats! I know better! Come here, Phœbe, and listen. You shall live here as you have always done, Maria and all, and

keep the Fennimore woman to mind the children. Answer me, will that content you? Don't go looking at Robert, but say yes or no."

Mervyn's innuendo had deprived his offer of its grace, but in spite of the pang of indignation, in spite of Robert's eye of disapproval, poor desolate Phœbe must needs cling to her home, and to the one who alone would take her and her poor companion. "Mervyn, thank you; it is right!"

"Right! What does that mean? If any one has a word to say against my sisters being under my roof, let me hear it openly, not behind my back. Eh, Juliana, what's that?"

"Only that I wonder how long it will last," sneered Lady Acton.

"And," added Robert, "there should be some guarantee that they should not be introduced to unsuitable acquaintance."

"You think me not to be trusted with them."

"I do not."

Mervyn ground his teeth, answering, "Very well, sir, I stand indebted to you. I should have imagined, whatever your opinion of me, you would have considered your favorite sky-blue governess an immaculate guardian, or can you be contented with nothing short of a sisterhood?"

"Robert," said Phœbe, fearing lest worse should follow, "Mervyn has always been good to us; I trust to him." And her clear eyes were turned on the eldest brother with a grateful confidence that made him catch her hand with something between thanks and triumph, as he said,—

"Well said, little one! There, sir, are you satisfied?"

"I must be," replied Robert.

Sir Bevil, able to endure no longer, broke in with some intelligence from the newspaper, which he had been perusing ever since his unlucky appeal to his lady. Every one thankfully accepted this means of ending the discussion.

"Well, miss," was Juliana's good-night, "you have attained your object. I hope you may find it answer."

"Yes," added Augusta, "when Mervyn brings home that Frenchwoman, you will wish you had been less tenacious."

"That's all an idea of yours," said Juliana. "She'll have punishment enough in Master

Mervyn's own temper. I wouldn't keep house for him, no, not for a week."

"Stay till you are asked," said Augusta.

Phæbe could bear no more, but slipped through the swing-door, reached her room, and sinking into a chair, passively let Lieschen undress her, not attempting to raise her drooping head, or check the tears that trickled, conscious only of her broken, wounded, oppressed state of dejection, into the details of which she durst not look. How should she, when her misery had been inflicted by such hands? The mere fact of the unseemly broil between the brothers and sisters on such an evening was shame and pain enough, and she felt like one bruised and crushed all over, both in herself and Maria, while the one drop of comfort in Mervyn's kindness was poisoned by the strife between him and Robert, and the doubt whether Robert thought she ought to have accepted it.

When her maid left her, she only moved to extinguish her light, and then cowered down again as if to hide in the darkness; but the soft summer twilight gloom seemed to soothe and restore her, and with a longing for air to refresh her throbbing brow, she leaned out into the cool, still night, looking into the northern sky, still pearly with the last reminiscence of the late sunset, and with the pale large stars beaming calmly down.

"O mother, mother! Well might you long to take your poor Maria with you—there where the weary are at rest—where there is mercy for the weak and slow! Home! home! we have none but with you!

Nay, had she not a home with Him whose love was more than mother's love; whose soft stars were smiling on her now; whose gentle breezes fanned her burning cheeks, even as a still softer breath of comfort was stilling her troubled spirit? She leaned out till she could compose herself to kneel in prayer, and from prayer rose up quietly, weary, and able to rest beneath the Fatherly Wings spread over the orphan.

She was early astir, though with heavy, swollen eyelids; and anxious to avoid Bertha's inquiries till all should be more fully settled, she betook herself to the garden, to cool her brow and eyes. She was bathing them in the dewy fragrant heart of a full-blown rose, that had seemed to look at her

with a tearful smile of sympathy, when a step approached and an arm was thrown round her, and Robert stood beside her.

"My Phæbe," he said, tenderly, "how are you? It was a frightful evening."

"O Robert, were you displeased with me?"

"No, indeed. You put us all to shame. I grieved that you had no more preparation, but some of the guests stayed late, afterwards I was hindered by business, and then Bevil laid hands on me to advise me privately against this establishment for poor Maria."

"I thought it was Juliana who pressed it!"

"Have you not learned that whatever he dislikes she forwards?"

"O Robert, you can hinder that scheme from ever being thought of again?"

"Yes," said Robert; "there she should never have been, even had you not made resistance."

"And, Robert, may we stay here?" asked Phæbe, trembling.

"Crabbe sees no objection," he answered.

"Do you, Robert? If you think we ought not, I will try to change; but Mervyn is kind, and it is home! I saw you thought me wrong, but I could not help being glad he relented to Maria."

"You were right. Your eldest brother is the right person to give you a home. I cannot. It would have shown an evil, suspicious temper if you had refused him."

"Yet you do not like it."

"Perhaps I am unjust. I own that I had imagined you all happier and better in such a home as Mrs. Parsons or Miss Charlecoate could find for you; and though Mervyn would scarcely wilfully take advantage of your innocence, I do not trust to his always knowing what would be hurtful to you or Bertha. It is a charge that I grudge to him, for I do not think he perceives what it is."

"I could make you think better of him. I wonder whether I may."

"Any thing—any thing to make me think better of him," cried Robert, eagerly.

"I do not know it from him alone, so it cannot be a breach of confidence," said Phæbe.

"He has been deeply attached, not to a pretty person, nor a rich nor grand one, but she was very good and religious—so much so that she would not accept him."

"How recently?"

"The attachment has been long; the rejection this spring."

"My poor Phæbe, I could not tell you how his time has been passed since early spring."

"I know in part," she said, looking down; "but, Robin, *that* arose from despair. Oh, how I longed for him to come and let me try to comfort him!"

"And how is this to change my opinion," asked Robert, "except by showing me that no right-minded woman could trust herself with him?"

"O Robert, no! Sisters need not change, though others ought, perhaps. I meant you to see that he does love and honor goodness for itself, and so that he will guard his sisters."

"I will think so, Phæbe. You deserve to be believed, for you draw out his best points. For my own part, the miserable habits of our boyhood have left a habit of acrimony, of which, repent as I will, I cannot free myself. I gave way to it last night. I can be cool, but I cannot help being contemptuous. I make him worse, and I aggravated your difficulties by insulting him."

"He insulted you," said Phæbe. "When I think of those words I don't know how I can stay with him."

"They fell short! They were nothing," said Robert. "But it was the more unbecoming in me to frame my warning as I did. O Phæbe, your prayers and influence have done much for me. Help me now to treat my brother so as not to disgrace my calling."

"You—when you freely forgive all the injuries he has done you!"

"If I freely forgave, I suppose I should love;" and he murmured sadly, "He that hateth his brother is a murderer."

Phæbe shrank, but could not help thinking that if the spirit of Cain existed among them, it was not with the younger brother.

When she next spoke, it was to express her fear lest Miss Fennimore should refuse to remain, since the position would be uncomfortable. Her talent was thrown away on poor Maria, and Bertha had been very vexing and provoking of late. Phæbe greatly dreaded a change, both from her love for her governess, and alarm lest a new duenna might be yet more unwelcome to Mervyn, and she was disappointed to see that Robert caught

at the hope that the whole scheme might be baffled on this score.

Phæbe thought a repetition of the dinner-table offence would be best obviated by taking her place as tea-maker at once. Mervyn first came down, and greeted her like something especially his own. He detected the red blistered spot on her cheek, and exclaimed, "Eh! did they make you cry? Never mind; the house will soon be clear of them, and you my little queen. You have nothing to say against it. Has any one been putting things in your head?" and he looked fiercely at his brother.

"No, Mervyn; Robert and I both think you very kind, and that it is the right thing."

"Yes," said Robert, "no arrangement could be more proper. I am sorry, Mervyn, if my manner was offensive last night."

"I never take offence; it is not my way," said Mervyn, indifferently, almost annoyed that his brother had not spirit to persevere in the quarrel.

After the breakfast, where the elder sisters were cold and distant, and Sir Bevil as friendly as he durst, Mervyn's first move was to go, in conjunction with Mr. Crabbe, to explain the arrangement to Miss Fennimore, and request her to continue her services. They came away surprised and angry: Miss Fennimore would "consider of it." Even when Mervyn, to spare himself from "some stranger who might prove a greater nuisance," had offered a hundred in addition to her present exorbitant salary, she courteously declined, and repeated that her reply should be given in the evening.

Mervyn's wrath would have been doubled had he known the cause of her delay. She sent Maria to beg Robert to spare her half an hour, and on his entrance, dismissing her pupils, she said, "Mr. Fulmort, I should be glad if you would candidly tell me your opinion of the proposed arrangement. I mean," seeing his hesitation, "of that part which relates to myself."

"I do not quite understand you," he said.

"I mean, whether, as the person whose decision has the most worth in this family, you are satisfied to leave your sisters under my charge? If not, whatever it may cost me to part with that sweet and admirable Phæbe," and her voice showed unwonted emotion, "I would not think of remaining with them."

"You put me in a very strange position, Miss Fennimore; I have no authority to decide. They could have no friend more sincerely anxious for their welfare or so welcome to Phœbe's present wishes."

"Perhaps not; but the question is not of my feelings nor theirs, but whether you consider my influence pernicious to their religious principles. If so, I decline their guardian's terms at once." After a pause, she added, pleased at his deliberation, "It may assist you if I lay before you the state of my own mind."

She proceeded to explain that her parents had been professed Unitarians, her mother, loving and devout to the hereditary faith, beyond which she had never looked—"Mr. Fulmort," she said, "nothing will approve itself to me that condemns my mother!"

He began to say that often where there was no wilful rejection of truth, saving grace and faith might be vouchsafed.

"You are charitable," she answered, in a tone like sarcasm, and went on. Her father, a literary man of high ability, set aside from work by ill-health, thought himself above creeds. He had given his daughter a man's education, had read many argumentative books with her, and died, leaving her liberally and devoutly inclined in the spirit of Pope's universal prayer—"Jehovah, Jove, or Lord." It was all aspiration to the Lord of nature, the forms, adaptations to humanity, kaleidoscope shapes of half-comprehended fragments, each with its own beauty, and only becoming worthy of reprobation where they permitted moral vices, among which she counted intolerance.

What she thought reasonable—Christianity, modified by the world's progress—was her tenet, and she had no scruple in partaking in any act of worship; while naturally conscientious, and loving all the virtues, she viewed the terrors of religion as the scourge of the grovelling and superstitious; or if suffering existed at all, it could be only as expiation, conducting to a condition of high intellect and perfect morality. No other view, least of all that of a vicarious atonement, seemed to her worthy of the beneficence of the God whom she had set up for herself.

Thus had she rested for twenty years; but of late she had been dissatisfied. Living with Phœbe, "though the child was not naturally intellectual," there was no avoiding

the impression that what she acted and rested on was substantial truth. "The same with others," said Miss Fennimore, meaning her auditor himself. "And, again, I cannot but feel that devotion to any system of faith is the restraint that Bertha is deficient in, and that this is probably owing to my own tone. These examples have led me to go over the former ground in the course of the present spring; and it has struck me that, if the Divine Being be not the mere abstraction I once supposed, it is consistent to believe that he has a character and will—individuality, in short—so that there might be one single revelation of absolute truth. I have not thoroughly gone through the subject, but I hope to do so; and when I mark what I can only call a supernatural influence on an individual character, I view it as an evidence in favor of the system that produced it. My exposition of my opinions shocks you; I knew it would. But knowing this, and thinking it possible that an undoubting believer might have influenced Bertha, are you willing to trust your sisters to me?"

"Let me ask one question—why was this explanation never offered before, to those who had more right to decide?"

"My tenets have seldom been the subject of inquiry. When they have, I have concealed nothing; and twice have thus missed a situation. But these things are usually taken for granted; and I never imagined it my duty to volunteer my religious sentiments, since I never obtruded them. I gave no scandal by objecting to any form of worship, and concerned myself with the moral and intellectual, not the religious being."

"Could you reach the moral without the religious?"

"I should tell you that I have seldom reared a pupil from childhood. Mine have been chiefly from fifteen to eighteen, whose parents required their instruction, not education, from me; and till I came here, I never fully beheld the growth and development of character. I found that whereas all I could do for Phœbe was to give her method and information, leaving alone the higher graces elsewhere derived, with Bertha, my efforts were inadequate to supply any motive for overcoming her natural defects; and I believe that association with a person of my sceptical habit has tended to prevent Phœbe's religion from influencing her sister."

"This is the reason you tell me?"

"Partly; and likewise because I esteem you very differently from my former employers, and know that your views for your sisters are not like those of the persons with whom I have been accustomed to deal."

"You know that I have no power. It rests entirely with my brother and Mr. Crabbe."

"I am perfectly aware of it; but I could not allow myself to be forced on your sisters by any family arrangement contrary to the wishes of that member of it who is most qualified to judge for them."

"Thank you, Miss Fennimore; I will treat you as openly as you have treated me. I have often felt indignant that my sisters should be exposed to any risk of having their faith shaken; and this morning, I almost hoped to hear that you did not consent to Mervyn's scheme. But what you have said convinces me that, whatever you may have been previously, you are more likely to strengthen and confirm them in all that is good than half the people they would meet. I know that it would be a heavy affliction to Phæbe to lose so kind a friend; it might drive her from the home to which she clings, and separate Bertha, at least, from her; and under the circumstances, I cannot wish you to leave the poor girls at present." He spoke rather confusedly, but there was more consent in manner than words.

"Thank you," she replied, fervently. "I cannot tell you what it would cost me to part with Phæbe, my living lesson."

"Only let the lesson be still unconscious."

"I would not have it otherwise for worlds. The calm reliance that makes her a ministering spirit is far too lovely to be ruffled by a hint of the controversies that weary my brain. If it be the effect of credulity, the effects are more beautiful than those of clear eyesight."

"You will not always think it credulity."

"There would be great rest in being able to accept all that you and she do," Miss Fennimore answered with a sigh; "in finding an unchanging answer to 'What is truth?' Yet even your Gospel leaves that question unanswered."

"Unanswered to Pilate; but those who are true find the truth; and I verily trust that your eyes will become cleared to find it. Miss Fennimore, you know that I am unready and

weak in argument, and you have often left me no refuge but my positive conviction; but I can refer you to those who are strong. If I can help you by carrying your difficulties to others, or by pointing out books, I should rejoice—"

"You cannot argue—you can only act," said Miss Fennimore, smiling, as a message called him away.

The schoolroom had been left undisturbed, for the sisters were otherwise occupied. By Mr. Fulmort's will, the jewels, excepting certain Mervyn heirlooms, were to be divided between the daughters, and their two ladyships thought this the best time for their choice, though as yet they could not take possession. Phæbe would have given the world that the sets had been appropriated, so that Mervyn and Mr. Crabbe should not have had to make her miserable by fighting her battles, insisting on her choosing, and then overruling her choice as not of sufficiently valuable articles, while Bertha profited by the lesson in harpyhood, and regarded all claimed by the others as so much taken from herself; and poor Maria clasped on every bracelet one by one, threaded every ring on her fingers, and caught the same lustre on every diamond, delighting in the grand exhibition, and in her own share, which by general consent included all that was clumsy and ill-set. No one had the heart to disturb her, but Phæbe felt that the poor thing was an eyesore to them all, and was hardly able to endure Augusta's compliment. "After all, Phæbe, she is not so bad; you may make her tolerably presentable for the country."

Lady Acton patronized Bertha, in opposition to Phæbe; and Sir Bevil was glad to have one sister to whom he could be good-natured without molestation. The young lady, heartily weary of the monotony of home, was much disappointed at the present arrangement; Phæbe had become the envied elder sister instead of the companion in misfortune, and Juliana was looked on as the sympathizing friend who would fain have opened the prison doors that Phæbe closed against her by making all that disturbance about Maria.

"It is all humbug about Maria," said Juliana. "Much Phæbe will let her stand in her way when she wants to come to London for the season—but I'll not take her out, I promise her."

"But you will take me," cried Bertha. "You'll not leave me in this dismal hole always."

"Never fear, Bertha. This plan wont last six months. Mervyn and Phœbe will get sick of one another, and Augusta will be ready to take her in—she is pining for an errand girl."

"I'll not go there to read cookery books and meet old fogies. You will have me, Juliana, and we will have such fun together."

"When you are come out, perhaps—and you must cure that stammer."

"I shall die of dullness before then! If I could only go to school!"

"I wouldn't be you, with Maria for your most lively companion."

"It is much worse than when we used to go down into the drawing-room. Now we never see any one but Miss Charlecote, and Phœbe is getting exactly like her!"

"What, all her sanctimonious ways? I thought so."

"And to make it more aggravating, Miss Fennimore is going to get religious too. She made me read all Butler's *Analogy*, and wants to put me into *Paley*, and she is always running after Robert."

"Middle-aged governesses always do run after young clergymen—especially the most *outrés*."

"And now she snaps me up if I say any thing the least comprehensive or speculative, or if I laugh at the conventionalities Phœbe learns at the Holt. Yesterday I said that the progress of common sense would soon make people cease to connect dullness with mortality, or to think a serious mistiness the sole evidence of respect, and I was caught up as if it were high treason."

"You must not get out of bounds in your talk, Bertha, or sound unfeeling."

"I can't help being original," said Bertha. "I must evolve my ideas out of my individual consciousness, and assert my independence of thought."

Juliana laughed, not quite following her sister's metaphysical tone, but satisfied that it was anti-Phœbe, she answered by observing, "An intolerable fuss they do make about that girl!"

"And she is not a bit clever," continued Bertha. "I can do a translation in half the time she takes, and have got far beyond her in all kinds of natural philosophy!"

"She flatters Mervyn, that's the thing; but she will soon have enough of that. I hope he wont get her into some dreadful scrape, that's all!"

"What sort of scrape?" asked Bertha, gathering from the smack of the hope that it was something exciting.

"Oh, you are too much of a chit to know—but I say, Bertha, write to me, and let me know whom Mervyn brings to the house."

With somewhat the like injunction, only directed to a different quarter, Robert likewise left Beauchamp.

As he well knew would be the case, nothing in his own circumstances was changed by his mother's death, save that he no longer could call her inheritance his home. She had made no will, and her entire estate passed to her eldest son, from whom Robert parted on terms of defiance, rather understood than expressed. He took leave of his birthplace as one never expecting to return thither, and going for his last hour at Hiltonbury to Miss Charlecote, poured out to her as many of his troubles as he could bear to utter. "And," said he, "I have given my approval to the two schemes that I most disapproved beforehand—to Mervyn's giving my sister a home, and to Miss Fennimore's continuing their governess! What will come of it?"

"Do not repent, Robert," was the answer. "Depend upon it, the great danger is in rashly meddling with existing arrangements, especially by a strain of influence. It is what the young are slow to learn, but experience brings it home."

"With you to watch them, I will fear the less."

Miss Charlecote wondered whether any disappointment of his own added to his depression, and if he thought of Lucilla.

CHAPTER IV.

My sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine. She has a hidden strength.
Which you remember not.—COMUS.

PHŒBE was left to the vacancy of the orphaned house, to a blank where her presence had been gladness, and to relief more sad than pain, in parting with her favorite brother, and seeing him out of danger of provoking or being provoked.

To have been the cause of strife and object of envy weighed like guilt on her heart.

and the tempest that had tossed her when most needing peace and soothing, left her sore and suffering. She did not nurse her grief, and was content that her mother should be freed from the burden of existence that had of late been so heavy; but the missing the cherished recipient of her care was inevitable, and she was not of a nature to shake off dejection readily, nor to throw sorrow aside in excitement.

Mervyn felt as though he had caught a lark, and found it droop instead of singing. He was very kind, almost oppressively so; he rode and drove with her to every ruin or view esteemed worth seeing, ordered books for her, and consulted her on improvements that pained her by the very fact of change. She gave her attention sweetly and gratefully, was always at his call, and amused his evenings with cards or music, but she felt herself dull and sad, and saw him disappointed in her.

Then she tried bringing in Bertha as entertainment for both, but it was a downright failure. Bertha was far too sharp and pert for an elder brother devoid both of wit and temper, and the only consequence was that she fathomed his shallow acquirements in literature and the natural sciences, and he pronounced her to be eaten up with conceit, and the most intolerable child he ever saw—an irremediable insult to a young woman of fifteen; nor could Bertha be brought forward without disappointing Maria, whose presence Mervyn would not endure, and thus Phœbe was forced to yield the point, and keep in the background the appendages only tolerated for her sake.

Greatly commiserating Bertha's weariness of the schoolroom, she tried to gratify the governess and please her sisters by resuming her studies; but the motive of duty and obedience being gone, these were irksome to a mind naturally meditative and practical, and she found herself triumphed over by Bertha for forgetting whether Lucca were Guelph or Ghibelline, putting oolite below red sandstone, or confusing the definition of ozone. She liked Bertha to surpass her; but inattention she regarded as wrong in itself, as well as a bad example, and her apologies were so hearty as quite to effect Miss Fennimore.

Mervyn's attentions wore off with the days of seclusion. By the third week he was dining out, by the fourth he was starting for

Goodwood, half inviting Phœbe to come with him, and assuring her that it was just what she wanted to put her into spirits again. Poor Phœbe—when Mr. Henderson talking to Miss Fennimore, and Bertha at the same time insisting on Decandoll's system to Miss Charlecote, had seemed to create a distressing whirl and confusion!

Miss Fennimore smiled, both with pleasure and amusement, as Phœbe asked her permission to walk to the Holt, and be fetched home by the carriage at night.

"Don't laugh at me," said Phœbe. "I am so glad to have some one's leave to ask."

"I will not laugh, my dear, but I will not help you to reverse our positions. It is better we should both be accustomed to them."

"It seems selfish to take the carriage for myself," said Phœbe; "but I think I have rather neglected Miss Charlecote for Mervyn, and I believe she would like to have me alone."

The solitude of the walk was a great boon, and there was healing in the power of silence—the repose of not being forced to be lively. Summer flowers had passed, but bryony mantled the bushes in luxuriant beauty, and kingly teasels raised their diademed heads, and exultingly stretched forth their sceptred arms. Purple heather mixed with fragrant thyme, blue harebells and pale bents of quivergrass edged the path, and thistledown, drifting from the chalk uplands, lay like snow in the hollows, or danced like living things on the path before her. A brood of goldfinches, with merry twitter and flashing wings, flitted round a tall milk thistle with variegated leaves, and a little further on, just at the opening of a glade from the path, she beheld a huge dragon-fly, banded with green, black, and gold, poised on wings invisible in their rapid motion, and hawking for insects. She stood to watch, collecting materials to please Miss Charlecote, and make a story for Maria.

"Stand still. He is upon you."

She saw Miss Charlecote a few yards off, nearly on all-fours in the thymy grass.

"Only a grasshopper. I've only once seen such a fellow. He makes portentous leaps. There! on your flounce!"

"I have him! No! He went right over you!"

"I've got him under my handkerchief. Put your hand in my pocket—take out a little wide-mouthed bottle. That's it. Get in,

sir, it is of no use to bite. There's an air-hole in the cork. Isn't he a beauty?"

"Oh, the lovely green! What saws he wears on his thighs! See the delicate pink lining! What horns! and a quaint face, like a horse's."

"The appearance of them is as the appearance of horses.' Not that this is a locust, only a *gryllus*, happily for us."

"What is the difference?"

"Long or short horns, since Bertha is not here to make me call them antennæ. I must take him home to draw, as soon as I have gathered some willow for my puss. You are coming home with me?"

"I meant to drink tea with you, and be sent for in the evening."

"Good child. I was almost coming to you, but I was afraid of Mervyn. How has it been, my dear?"

Phœbe's "he is very kind" was allowed to stand for the present, and Honora led the way by a favorite path, which was new to Phœbe, making the circuit of the Holt; sometimes dipping into a hollow, over which the lesser scabious cast a tint like the gray of a cloud; sometimes rising on a knoll so as to look down on the rounded tops of the trees, following the undulations of the grounds; and beyond them the green valley, winding stream, and harvest fields, melting into the chalk downs on the horizon. To Phœbe, all had the freshness of novelty, with the charm of familiarity, and without the fatigue of admiration required by the show-places to which Mervyn had taken her. Presently Miss Charlecote opened the wicket leading to an oak coppice. There was hardly any brushwood. The ground was covered with soft grass and round elastic cushions of gray lichen. There were a few brackens, and here and there the crimson midsummer men, but the copsewood consisted of the redundant shoots of the old, gnarled, knotted stumps, covered with handsome foliage of the pale sea-green of later summer, and the leaves far exceeding in size those either of the sapling or the full-sized tree—vigorous playfulness of the poor old wounded stocks.

"Ah!" said Honor, pausing, "here I found my purple emperor, sunning himself, his glorious wings wide open, looking black at first, but turning out to be of purple velvet, of the opaque mysterious beauty which seems nobler than mere lustre."

"Did you keep him? I thought that was against your principles."

"I only mocked him by trying to paint him. He was mine because he came to delight me with the pleasure of having seen him, and the remembrance of him that pervades the path. It was just where Humfrey always told me the creatures might be found."

"Was Mr. Charlecote fond of natural history?" asked Phœbe, shyly.

"Not as natural history, but he knew bird, beast, insect, and tree, with a friendly, hearty intimacy, such as Cockney writers ascribe to peasants, but which they never have. While he used the homeliest names, a dishwasher for a wagtail, cuckoo's bread and cheese for wood-sorrel (partly I believe to teach me), he knew them thoroughly, nests, haunts, and all."

Phœbe could not help quoting the old lines, "He prayeth well that loveth well both man and bird and beast."

"Yes, and some persons have a curious affinity with the gentle and good in creation—who can watch and even handle a bird's nest without making it be deserted, whom bees do not sting, and horses, dogs, and cats love so as to reveal their best instincts in a way that seems fabulous. In spite of the *Lyra Innocentium*, I think this is less often the case with children than with such grown people as—like your guardian, Phœbe—have kept something of the majesty and calmness of innocence."

Phœbe was all in a glow with the pleasure of hearing him so called, but bashful under that very delight, she said, "Perhaps part of Solomon's wisdom was in loving these things, since he knew the plants from the cedar to the hyssop."

"And spoke of Nature so beautifully in his Song, but I am afraid as he grew old he must have lost his healthful pleasure in them, when he was lifted up."

"Or did he only make them learning and ornament, instead of a joy and devotion?" said Phœbe, thinking of the difference between Bertha's love and Miss Charlecote's.

"Nor does he say that he found vanity in them, though he did in his own gardens and pools of water. No, the longer I live, the more sure I am that these things are meant for our solace and minor help through the trials of life. I assure you, Phœbe, that the crimson leaf of a Herb-Robert in the hedge

has broken a strain of fretful repining, and it is one great blessing in these pleasures that one never can exhaust them."

Phæbe saw that Miss Charlecote was right in her own case, when on coming in, the grasshopper's name and history were sought, and there followed an exhibition of the "puss" for whom the willow had been gathered, namely, a grass-green caterpillar, with a kitten's face, a curious upright head and shoulders, and two purple tails, whence on irritation two pink filaments protruded,—lashes for the ichneumons, as Honora explained. The lonely woman's interest in her quaint pet showed how thickly are strewn round us many a calm and innocent mode of solace and cheerfulness, if we knew but how to avail ourselves of it.

Honora had allowed the conversation to be thus desultory and indifferent, thinking that it gave greater rest to Phæbe, and it was not till the evening was advancing that she began to discharge herself of an urgent commission from Robert, by saying, "Phæbe, I want you to do something for me. There is that little dame's school in your hamlet. It is too far off for me to look after, I wish you would."

"Robin has been writing to me about parish work," said Phæbe, sadly. "Perhaps I ought, but I don't know how, and I can't bear that any change in our ways should be observed;" and the tears came more speedily than Honora had expected.

"Dear child," she said, "there is no need for that feeling. Parish work, at least in a lay family, must depend on the amount of home duty. In the last years of my dear mother's life I had to let every thing go, and I know it is not easy to resume, still less to begin, but you will be glad to have done so, and will find it a great comfort."

"If it be my duty, I must try," said Phæbe, dejectedly, "and I suppose it is. Will you come and show me what to do? I never went into a cottage in my life."

"I have spoken too soon!" thought Honora; "yet Robert urged me, and besides the evil of neglecting the poor, the work will do her good; but it breaks one's heart to see this meek, mournful obedience."

"While we are alone," continued Phæbe, "I can fix times, and do as I please, but I cannot tell what Mervyn may want me to do when he is at home."

"Do you expect that he will wish you to go out with him?" asked Honora.

"Not this autumn," she answered; "but he finds it so dull at home, that I fully expect he will have his friends to stay with him."

"Phæbe, let me strongly advise you to keep aloof from your brother's friends. When they are in the house, live entirely in the schoolroom. If you begin at once as a matter of course, he will see the propriety, and acquiesce. You are not vexed?"

"Thank you, I believe it is all right. Robert will be the more at ease about us. I only do not like to act as if I distrusted Mervyn."

"It would not be discreet for any girl so young as you are to be entertaining her brother's sporting friends. You could hardly do so without acquiring the same kind of reputation as my poor Lucy's Rashe, which he would not wish."

"Thank you," said Phæbe, more heartily. "You have shown me the way out of a difficulty. I need not go into company at all this winter, and after that, only with our old country neighbors."

Honora was infinitely relieved at having bestowed this piece of advice, on which she had agreed with Robert as the only means of ensuring Phæbe's being sheltered from society that Mervyn might not esteem so bad for his sister as they did.

The quietness of Mervyn's absence did much for the restoration of Phæbe's spirits. The dame's school was not delightful to her; she had not begun early enough in life for ease, but she did her tasks there as a duty, and was amply rewarded by the new enjoyment thus afforded to Maria. The importance of being surrounded by a ring of infants, teaching the alphabet, guiding them round the gooseberry bush, or leading their songs and hymns, was felicity indescribable to Maria. She learnt each name, and, with the reiteration that no one could endure save Phæbe and faithful Lieschen, rehearsed the individual alphabetical acquirements of every one; she painted pictures for them, hemmed pinafores, and was happier than she had ever been in her life, as well as less fretful and more manageable, and she even began to develop more sense and intelligence in this direction than she had seemed capable of under the dreary round of lessons past her comprehension.

It was a great stimulus to Phœbe, and spurred her to personal parish work, going beyond the soup and subscriptions that might have bounded her charities for want of knowing better. Of course the worst and most plausible people took her in, and Miss Charlecote sometimes scolded, sometimes laughed, at her, but the beginning was made, and Robert was pleased.

Mervyn did bring home some shooting friends, but he made no difficulties as to the seclusion that Miss Charlecote had recommended for his sister; accepting it so easily that Phœbe thought he must have intended it from the first. From that time he was seldom at home without one or more guests—an arrangement that kept the young ladies chiefly to the west wing, and always, when in the garden, forced them to be on their guard against stumbling upon smoking gentlemen. It was a late-houred, noisy company, and the sounds that reached the sisters made the younger girls curious, and the governess anxious. Perhaps it was impossible that girls of seventeen and fifteen should not be excited by the vicinity of moustaches and beards whom they were bidden to avoid; and even the alternate French and German which Miss Fennimore enforced on Bertha more strongly than ever, merely produced the variety of her descanting on their *knebelbarten*, or on *l'heure à quelle les voix de ces messieurs-là entonnaient sur le grand escalier*, till Miss Fennimore declared that she would have Latin and Greek talked if there were no word for a gentleman in either! There were always stories to be told of Bertha's narrow escapes of being overtaken by them in garden or corridor, till Maria, infected by the panic, used to flounder away as if from a beast of prey, and being as tall as, and considerably stouter than, Phœbe, with the shuffling gait of the imbecile, would produce a volume of sound that her sister always feared might attract notice and irritate Mervyn.

Honora Charlecote tried to give pleasure to the sisters by having them at the Holt, and would fain have treated Bertha as one of the inherited godchildren. But Bertha proved by reference to the brass tablet that she *could* not be godchild to a man who died three years before her birth, and it was then perceived that his sponsorship had been to an elder Bertha, who had died in infancy, of water on the head, and whom her parents, in

their impatience of sorrow, had absolutely caused to be forgotten. Such a delusion in the exact Phœbe could only be accounted for by her tenderness to Mr. Charlecote, and it gave Bertha a subject of triumph of which she availed herself to the utmost. She had imbibed a sovereign contempt for Miss Charlecote's capacity, and considered her as embodying the passive individual who is to be instructed or confuted in a scientific dialogue. So she lost no occasion of triumphantly denouncing all "cataclysms" of the globe, past or future, of resolving all nature into gases, or arguing upon duality—a subject that fortunately usually brought on her hesitation of speech, a misfortune of which Miss Fennimore and Phœbe would unscrupulously avail themselves to change the conversation. The bad taste and impertinence were quite as apparent to the governess as to the sister, and though Bertha never admitted a doubt of having carried the day against the old world prejudices, yet Miss Fennimore perceived, not only that Miss Charlecote's notions were not of the contracted and unreasonable order that had been ascribed to her, but that liberality in her pupil was more uncaned, narrow, and self-sufficient than was "credulity" in Miss Charlecote. Honor was more amused than annoyed at these discussions; she was sorry for the silly, conceited girl, though not in the least offended or disturbed, but Phœbe and Miss Fennimore considered them such an exposure that they were by no means willing to give Bertha the opportunity of launching herself at her senior.

The state of the household likewise perplexed Phœbe. She had been bred up to the sight of waste, ostentation, and extravagance, and they did not distress her; but her partial authority revealed to her glimpses of dishonesty; detected falsehoods destroyed her confidence in the housekeeper; her attempts at charities to the poor were intercepted; her visits to the hamlet disclosed to her some of the effects on the villagers of a vicious, disorderly establishment; and she understood why a careful mother would as soon have sent her daughter to service at the lowest public-house as at Beauchamp.

Mervyn had detected one of the footmen in a flagrant act of peculation, and had dismissed him, but Phœbe believed the evil to have extended far more widely than he supposed, and made up her mind to entreat him

to investigate matters. In vain, however, she sought for a favorable moment, for he was never alone. The intervals between other visitors were filled up by a Mr. Hastings, who seemed to have erected himself into so much of the domesticated friend that he had established a bowing and speaking acquaintance with Phœbe; Bertha no longer narrated her escapes of encounters with him; and, being the only one of the gentlemen who ever went to church, he often joined the young ladies as they walked back from thence. Phœbe heartily wished him gone, for he made her brother inaccessible; she only saw Mervyn when he wanted her to find something for him or to give her a message, and if she ventured to say that she wanted to speak to him he promised—"Some time or other"—which always proved *sine die*. He was looking very ill, his complexion very much flushed, and his hand heated and unsteady, and she heard through Lieschen of his having severe morning headaches, and fits of giddiness and depression, but these seemed to make him more unable to spare Mr. Hastings, as if life would not be endurable without the billiards that she sometimes heard knocking about half the night.

However, the anniversary of Mr. Fulmort's death would bring his executor to clear off one branch of his business, and Mervyn's friends fled before the coming of the grave old lawyer, all fixing the period of their departure before Christmas. Nor could Mervyn go with them; he must meet Mr. Crabbe, and Phœbe's heart quite bounded at the hope of being able to walk about the house in comfort, and say part of what was on her mind to her brother.

"Whose writing is this?" said Phœbe to herself, as the letters were given to her, two days before the clearance of the house. "I ought to know it—it is! No! Yes, indeed it is—poor Lucy! Where can she be? What can she have to say?"

The letter was dateless, and Phœbe's amazement grew as she read.

"DEAR PHŒBE,—You know it is my nature to do odd things, so never mind that, but attend to me, as one who knows too well what it is to be motherless and undirected. Gossip is long-tongued enough to reach me here, in full venom as I know and trust, but it makes my blood boil, till I can't help writing a warning that may at least save you pain. I know

you are the snowdrop poor Owen used to call you, and I know you have Honor Charlecote for philosopher and friend, but she is nearly as unsophisticated as yourself, and if report say true, your brother is getting you into a scrape. If it is a fact that he has Jack Hastings dangling about Beauchamp, he deserves the lot of my unlucky Charteris cousins! Mind what you are about, Phœbe, if the man is there. He is plausible, clever, has no end of amusing resources, and keeps his head above water; but I *know* that in no place where there are womankind has he been received without there having been cause to repent it! I hope you may be able to laugh—if not, it may be a wholesome cure to hear that his friends believe him to have secured one of the heiresses at Beauchamp. There, Phœbe, I have said my say, and I fear it is cutting and wounding, but it came out of the love of a heart that has not got rid of some of its old feelings, and that could not bear to think of sorrow or evil tongues busy about you. That I write for your sake, not for my own, you may see by my making it impossible to answer.

LUCILLA SANDBROOK.

"If you hold council with Honor over this—as, if you are wise, you will—you may tell her that I am learning gratitude to her. I would ask her pardon if I could without servility."

"Secured one of the heiresses!" said Phœbe to herself. "I should like to be able to tell Lucy how I can laugh! Poor Lucy, how very kind in her to write. I wonder whether Mervyn knows how bad the man is! Shall I go to Miss Charlecote? Oh, no; she is spending two days at Moorcroft! Shall I tell Miss Fennimore? No, I think not; it will be wiser to talk to Miss Charlecote; I don't like to tell Miss Fennimore of Lucy. Poor Lucy—she is always generous! He will soon be gone, and then I can speak to Mervyn."

This secret was not a serious burden to Phœbe, though she could not help smiling to herself at the comical notion of having been secured by a man to whom she had not spoken a dozen times, and then with the utmost coldness and formality.

The next day she approached the letter-bag with some curiosity. It contained one for her from her sister Juliana, a very unusual correspondent, and Phœbe's mind misgave her lest it should have any connection with the hints in Lucilla's note. But she was little prepared for what she read.

"Acton Manor, Dec. 24th.

"MY DEAR PHÆBE,—Although after what passed in July, I cannot suppose that the opinion of your elders can have any effect on your proceedings, yet, for the sake of our relationship, as well as of regard to appearances, I cannot forbear endeavoring to rescue you from the consequences of your own folly and obstinacy. Nothing better was to be expected from Mervyn; but at your age, with your pretences to religion, you cannot plead simplicity, or ignorance of the usages of the world. Neither Sir Bevil nor myself can express our amazement at your recklessness, thus forfeiting the esteem of society, and outraging the opinion of our old friends. To put an end to the impropriety, we will at once receive you here, overlooking any inconvenience, and we shall expect you all three on Tuesday, under charge of Miss Fennimore, who seems to have been about as fit as Maria to think for you. It is too late to write to Mervyn to-night, but he shall hear from us to-morrow, as well as from your guardian, to whom Sir Bevil has written. You had better bring my jewels, and the bull clock from my mother's mantelshelf, which I was to have. Mrs. Brisbane will pack them. Tell Bertha, with my love, that she might have been more explicit in her correspondence.

"Your affectionate sister,
"JULIANA ACTON."

When Miss Fennimore entered the room, she found Phæbe sitting like one petrified, only just able to hold out the letter and murmur, "What does it mean?" Imagining that it could only contain something fatal about Robert, Miss Fennimore sprang at the paper, and glanced through it, while Phæbe again faintly asked, "What have I done?"

"Lady Acton is pleased to be mysterious!" said the governess. "The kind sister she always was!"

"Don't say that!" exclaimed Phæbe, rallying. "It must be something shocking, for Sir Bevil thinks so too," and the tears sprang forth.

"He will never think any thing unkind of you, my dear," said Miss Fennimore, with emphasis.

"It must be about Mr. Hastings!" said Phæbe, gathering recollection and confidence. "I did not like to tell you yesterday, but I had a letter from poor Lucy Sandbrook. Some friends of that man, Mr. Hastings, have set it about that he is going to be married to me!" and Phæbe laughed out-

right. "If Juliana has heard it, I don't wonder that she is shocked, because you know Miss Charlecote said it would never do for me to associate with those gentlemen, and besides, Lucy says that he is a very bad man. I shall write to Juliana, and say that I have never had any thing to do with him, and he is going away to-morrow, and Mervyn must be told not to have him back again. That will set it all straight at Acton Manor."

Phæbe was quite herself again. She was too well accustomed to gratuitous unkindness and reproaches from Juliana to be much hurt by them, and perceiving, as she thought, where the misconception lay, had no fears that it could not be cleared up. So when she had carefully written her letter to her sister, she dismissed the subject until she should be able to lay it before Miss Charlecote, dwelling more on Honor's pleasure on hearing of Lucy than on the more personal matter.

Miss Fennimore, looking over the letter had deeper misgivings. It seemed to her rather to be a rebuke for the whole habit of life, than a warning against an individual, and she began to doubt whether even the seclusion of the west wing had been a sufficient protection in the eyes of the family from the contamination of such society as Mervyn received. Or was it a plot of Lady Acton's malevolence for hunting Phæbe away from her home? Miss Fennimore fell asleep, uneasy and perplexed, and in her dreams beheld Phæbe as the Lady in Comus, fixed in her chair, and resolute against a cup effervescing with carbonic acid gas, proffered by Jack Hastings, who thereupon gave it to Bertha, as she lay back in the dentist's chair, and both becoming transformed into pterodactyles, flew away while Miss Fennimore was vainly trying to summon the brothers by electric-telegraph.

There was a whole bevy of letters for Phæbe the following morning, and first, a kind, sensible one from her guardian, much regretting to learn that Mr. Fulmort's guests were undesirable inmates for a house where young ladies resided, so that, though he had full confidence in Miss Fulmort's discretion, and understood that she had never associated with the persons in question, he thought her residence at home ought to be reconsidered, and should be happy to discuss the point on coming to Beauchamp, as soon as he should have

recovered from an unfortunate fit of the gout, which at present detained him in town. Miss Fulmort might, however, be assured that her wishes should be his chief consideration, and that he would take care not to separate her from Miss Maria.

That promise, and the absence of all mention of Lucilla's object of dread, gave Phæbe courage to open the missive from her eldest sister.

"MY DEAR PHÆBE,—I always told you it would never answer, and you see I was right. If Mervyn will invite that horrid man, whatever you may do, no one will believe that you do not associate with him, and you may never get over it. I am telling everybody what children you are, quite in the schoolroom, but nothing will be of any use but your coming away at once, and appearing in society with me, so you had better send the children to Acton Manor, and come to me next week. If there are any teal in the decoy bring some, and ask Mervyn where he got that Barton's dry champagne,

"Your affectionate sister,

"AUGUSTA BANNERMAN."

She had kept Robert's letter to the last, as refreshment after the rest.

"*St. Matthew's, Dec. 16th.*

"DEAR PHÆBE,—I am afraid this may not be your first intimation of what may vex and grieve you greatly, and what calls for much cool and anxious judgment. In you we have implicit confidence, and your adherence to Miss Charlecote's kind advice has spared you all imputation, though not, I fear, all pain. You may, perhaps, not know how disgraceful are the characters of some of the persons whom Mervyn has collected about him. I do him the justice to believe that he would shelter you from all intercourse with them as carefully as I should; but I cannot forgive his having brought them beneath the same roof with you. I fear the fact has done harm in our own neighborhood. People imagine you to be associating with Mervyn's crew, and a monstrous report is abroad which has caused Bevil Acton to write to me and to Crabbe. We all agree that this is a betrayal of the confidence that you expressed in Mervyn, and that while he chooses to make his house a scene of dissipation no seclusion can render it a fit residence for women or girls. I fear you will suffer much in learning this decision, for Mervyn's sake as well as your own. Poor fellow! if he will bring evil spirits about him, good angels must depart. I would come myself, but that my presence would embitter

Mervyn, and I could not meet him properly. I am writing to Miss Charlecote. If she should propose to receive you all at the Holt immediately, until Crabbe's most inopportune gout is over, you had better go thither at once. It would be the most complete vindication of your conduct that could be offered to the county, and would give time for considering of establishing you elsewhere, and still under Miss Fennimore's care. For Bertha's sake as well as your own, you must be prepared to leave home, and resign yourself to be passive in the decision of those bound to think for you, by which means *you* may avoid being included in Mervyn's anger. Do not distress yourself by the fear that any blame can attach to you or to Miss Fennimore; I copy Bevil's expressions,—'Assure Phæbe that though her generous confidence may have caused her difficulties, no one can entertain a doubt of her guileless intention and maidenly discretion. If it would not make further mischief, I would hasten to fetch her, but if she will do me the honor to accept her sister's invitation, I hope to do all in my power to make her happy and mark my esteem for her.' These are his words; but I suppose you will hardly prefer Acton Manor, though, should the Holt fail us, you might send the other two to the Manor, and come to Albury Street, as Augusta wishes, when we could consult together on some means of keeping you united, and retaining Miss Fennimore, who must not be thrown over, as it would be an injury to her prospects. Tell her from me that I look to her for getting you through this unpleasant business.

Your ever affectionate,

"R. M. FULMORT."

Phæbe never spoke, but handed each sheet as she finished it to her governess.

"Promise me, Phæbe," said Miss Fennimore, as she came to Robert's last sentence, "that none of these considerations shall bias you. Make no struggle for me, but use me as I may be most serviceable to you."

Phæbe, instead of answering, kissed and clung to her.

"What do you think of doing?" asked the governess.

"Nothing," said Phæbe.

"You looked as if a thought had occurred to you."

"I only recollected the words, 'your strength is to sit still,'" said Phæbe, "and thought how well they agreed with Robert's advice to be passive. Mr. Crabbe has promised not to separate us, and I will trust to that. Mervyn was very kind in letting us stay here, but he does not want us, and will not miss us,"—

and with those words, quiet as they were, came a gush of irrepressible tears, just as a step resounded outside, the door was burst open, and Mervyn hurried in, purple with passion, and holding a bundle of letters crushed together in his hand.

"I say," he hoarsely cried, "what's all this? Who has been telling infamous tales of my house?"

"We cannot tell—" began Phœbe.

"Do you know any thing of this?" he interrupted, fiercely turning on Miss Fennimore.

"Nothing, sir. The letters which your sister has received have equally surprised and distressed me."

"Then they have set on you, Phœbe! The whole pack in full cry, as if it mattered to them whether I chose to have the Old Gentleman in the house, so long as he did not meddle with you!"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Fulmort," interposed the governess, "the remonstrance is quite just. Had I been aware of the character of some of your late guests, I could not have wished your sisters to remain in the house with them."

"Are these your sentiments, Phœbe?" he asked, sternly.

"I am afraid they ought to be," she sadly answered.

"Silly child! so this pack of censorious women and parsons have frightened you into giving me up?"

"Sisters do not give up brothers, Mervyn. You know how I thank you for having me here, but I could not amuse you, or make it pleasant to you, so there must be an end of it."

"So they hunt you out to be bullied by Juliana, or slaved to death by Augusta, which is it to be? Or may be Robert has got his sisterhood cut and dried for you; only mind, he sha'n't make away with your £30,000 while I live to expose those popish tricks."

"For shame, Mervyn," cried Phœbe, all in a glow; "I will not hear Robert so spoken of: he is always kind and good, and has taught me every right thing I know!"

"Oh, very well; and pray when does he summon you from among the ungodly? Will the next train be soon enough?"

"Don't, Mervyn! Your friends go to-day, don't they? Mr. Crabbe does not desire any change to be made before he comes to see

about it. May we not stay till that time, and spend our Christmas together?"

"You must ask Robert and Juliana, since you prefer them."

"No," said Phœbe, with spirit; "it is right to attend to my elder sisters, and Robert has always helped and taught me, and I must trust his guidance, as I always have done. And I trust you, too, Mervyn. You never thought you were doing us any harm. I may trust you still," she added, with so sweet and imploring a look that Mervyn gave an odd laugh, with some feeling in it.

"Harm? Great harm I have done this creature, eh?" he said, with his hand on her shoulder.

"Few could do *her* harm, Mr. Fulmort," said the governess, "but report may have done some mischief."

"Who cares for report? I say, Phœbe, we will laugh at them all. You pluck up a spirit, stay with me, and we'll entertain all the county, and then get some great swell to bring you out in town, and see what Juliana will say!"

"I will stay with you while you are alone, and Mr. Crabbe lets me," said Phœbe.

"Old fool of a fellow! Why couldn't my father have made me your guardian, and then there would have been none of this row! One would think I had had her down to act barmaid to the fellows. And you never spoke to one, did you, Phœbe?"

"Only now and then to Mr. Hastings. I could not help it after the day he came into the study when I was copying for you."

"Ah, well! that is nothing—nobody minds old Jack. I shall let them all know you are as safe as a Turk's wife in a harem, and may be old Crabbe will hear reason if we get him down here alone, without a viper at each ear, as he had last time."

With which words Mervyn departed, and Miss Fennimore exclaimed in some displeasure, "You can never think of remaining, Phœbe?"

"I am afraid not," said Phœbe; "Mervyn does not seem to know what is proper for us, and I am too young to judge, so I suppose we must go. I wish I could make him happy with music, or books, or any thing a woman could do! If you please, I think I must go over to the Holt. I cannot settle to any thing just yet, and I shall answer my letters better when I have seen Miss Charlecote."

In fact, Phœbe felt herself going to her other guardian; but as she left the room, Bertha came hurriedly in from the garden, with a plaid thrown round her. "What—what—what's the matter?" she hastily asked, following Phœbe to her room. "Is there an end of all these mysteries?"

"Yes," said Phœbe; "Miss Fennimore is ready for you."

"As if that were all I wanted to know. Do you think I did not hear Mervyn storming like a lion?"

"I am sorry you did hear," said Phœbe, "for it was not pleasant. It seems that it is not thought proper for us to live here while Mervyn has so many gentleman-guests; so," with a sigh, "you will have your wish, Bertha. They mean us to go away!"

"It is not my wish now," said Bertha, pulling pins in and out of Phœbe's pincushion. "I am not the child I was in the summer. Don't go, Phœbe; I know you can get your way, if you try for it."

"I must try to be put in the right way, Bertha; that is all I want."

"And you are going to the Holt for the most precise, narrow-minded way you can get. I wish I were in your place, Phœbe."

Scarcely had Phœbe driven from the door, before she saw Miss Charlecote crossing the grass on foot, and after the interchange of a few words, it was agreed to talk while driving on towards Elverslope. Each was laden with the same subject, for not only had Honor heard from Robert, but during her visit to Moorcroft she had become enlightened on the gossip that seldom reached the Holt, and had learnt that the whole neighborhood was scandalized at the Beauchamp doings, and was therefore shy of taking notice of the young people there. She had been incredulous at first, then extremely shocked and distressed, and though in part convinced that more than she guessed had passed beyond the west wing, she had come primed with a representation which she cautiously administered to Phœbe. The girl was more indignant on her brother's account than alarmed on her own.

"If that is the way the Raymonds talk of Mervyn," cried she "no wonder they made their niece cast him off and drive him to despair."

"It was no unkindness of the Raymonds, my dear. They were only sorry for you."

"I do not want them to be sorry for me;

they ought to be sorry for Mervyn," said Phœbe, almost petulantly.

"Perhaps they are," said Honor. "It was only in kindness that they spoke, and they had almost anticipated my explanation that you were kept entirely apart. Every gentleman hereabouts who has been at Beauchamp has declared such to be the case."

"I should think so!" said Phœbe; "Mervyn knows how to take care of us better than that!"

"But all ladies do not seem willing to believe as much, shame on them," said Honor; "and, tell me, Phœbe, have people called on you?"

"Not many; but I have not called on them since they left their cards of inquiry. I had been thinking whether I ought."

"We will consider. Perhaps I had better take you round some day; but I have been a very remiss protector, my poor child, if all be true that I am told of some of Mervyn's friends. It was an insult to have them under the same roof with you."

"Will you look at this letter?" said Phœbe. "It is very kind; it is from Lucy."

Those plain words alone occurred to Phœbe as a preparation for a letter that was sure to move Miss Charlecote greatly, if only by the slight of not having written to her, the most obvious person. But the flighty generosity, and deep though inconsistent feeling were precious, and the proud relenting of the message at the end touched Honor with hope. They laughed at the report that had elicited Lucilla's letter, but the reserve of the warning about Mr. Hastings, coming from the once unscrupulous girl, startled Honor even more than what she had heard at Moorcroft. Was the letter to be answered? Yes, by all means, cried Honor, catching at any link of communication. She could discover Lucilla's address, and was sure that even brief thanks and explanations from Phœbe would be good for Lucy.

Like Miss Fennimore, Honor was surprised by Phœbe's composure under her share of the evil report. The strictures which would have been dreadful to an older person seemed to fly over her innocent head, their force either uncomprehended or unfelt. She yielded implicitly to the propriety of the change, but her grief was at the family quarrel, the leaving home, and the unmerited degree of blame cast on Mervyn, not the aspersions on

herself; although, as Honor became vexed at her calmness, she withheld none of them in the desire to convince her of the expediency of leaving Beauchamp at once for the Holt. No, even though this was Robert's wish, Phœbe could still not see the necessity, as long as Mervyn should be alone. If he should bring any of his discreditable friends, she promised at once to come to Miss Charlecote, but otherwise she could perceive no reason for grieving him, and astonishing the world, by implying that his sisters could not stay in his house. She thought him unwell, too, and wished to watch him, and, on the whole, did not regret her guardian's gout, which would give her a little more time at home, and put off the discussion till there should be less anger.

"Is this weak? is it childish indifference?" thought Honor, "or is it a spirit superior to the selfish personal dread that would proclaim its own injured innocence by a vehement commotion?"

Phœbe rejoiced that she had secured her interview with her friend, for when the guests were gone, Mervyn claimed her whole attention, and was vexed if she were not continually at his beck. After their *tête-à-tête* dinner, he kept her sitting over the desert while he drank his wine. She tried this opportunity of calling his attention to the frauds of the servants, but he merely laughed his mocking laugh at her simplicity in supposing that everybody's servant's did not cheat.

"Miss Charlecote's don't."

"Don't they! Ha—ha! Why, she's the very mark for imposition, and hypocrisy into the bargain."

Phœbe did not believe it, but would not argue the point, returning to that nearer home. "Nonsense, Phœbe," he said, "it's only a choice who shall prey upon one, and if I have a set that will do it with a civil countenance, and let me live out of the spoil, I'll not be bothered."

"I cannot think it need go on so."

"Well, it wont; I shall break up the concern, and let the house, or something."

"Let the house? O Mervyn! I thought you meant to be a county man."

"Let those look to that who have hindered me," said Mervyn, fiercely swallowing one glassful, and pouring out another.

"Should you live in London?"

"At Jericho, for aught I care, or any one else."

Her attempt to controvert this remark brought on a tirade against the whole family, which she would not keep up by reply, and which ended in moody silence. Again she tried to rise, but he asked why she could not stay with him five minutes, and went on absently pouring out wine and drinking it, till as the clock struck nine, the bottom of the decanter was reached, when he let her lead the way to the drawing-room, and there, taking up the paper, soon fell asleep, then awoke at ten at the sound of her moving to go to bed, and kept her playing piquet for an hour and a half.

An evening or two of this kind convinced Phœbe that even with Mervyn alone it was not a desirable life. She was less shocked than a girl used to a higher standard at home might have been, but that daily bottle and perpetual cards weighed on her imagination, and she felt that her younger sisters ought not to grow up to such a spectacle. Still her loving heart yearned over Mervyn, who was very fond of her, and consulted her pleasure continually in his own peculiar and selfish way, although often exceedingly cross to her as well as to every one else; but this ill-temper was so visibly the effect of low spirits that she easily endured and forgave it. She saw that he was both unwell and unhappy. She could not think what would become of him when the present arrangement should be broken up; but could only cling to him, as long as she could pity him. It was no wonder that on the Sunday, Honora seeing her enter the church, could not help being reminded of the expression of that child-saint of Raffaele, wandering alone through the dragon-haunted wood, wistful and distressed, yet so confident in the Unseen Guide and Guardian that she treads down evils and perils in innocence, unconscious of her full danger and of their full blackness.

From The National Review.

THE ENGLISH TRANSLATORS OF HOMER.

The Iliad of Homer, faithfully translated into unrhymed English metre. By F. W. Newman. London: Walton and Maberly, 1856.

The Iliad of Homer, translated into blank verse. By Ichabod Charles Wright, M.A., translator of Dante, late Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. Books I.-VI. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1859.

WE have been told, on no less authority than that of Lemuel Gulliver, that, when the Laputan necromancer gratified him by summoning from the shades Homer, at the head of all his commentators, "it was soon discovered that he was a perfect stranger to all that numerous company, and had never seen or heard of them before;" and it was whispered, "that these commentators always kept in the most distant quarters from their principals in the lower world, through a consciousness of shame and guilt, because they had so horribly misrepresented their authors' meaning to posterity."*

Had the great satirist been gifted with prophetic vision to reach to our own time, he might have seen much to make him modify this judgment, much on the other hand to steep his pen in yet deeper gall. Buttmann, Passow, and Nitsch need not perhaps have shrunk from looking their author in the face, as did Eustathius and Didymus; but the whole lower world would be scarce wide enough to find a lurking-place for those German critics who denied his individuality altogether, and deemed him the mere name for an imaginary compiler of a patchwork poem.

What would Swift have said of the translators, especially those of his own language. Little enough, we fear, and that little the reverse of complimentary; yet there existed then English versions which even now hold their own, and may probably never be wholly superseded; though no translator, either then or since, seems to have forced upon his successors the belief that it was either a hopeless or a needless task to attempt to tread again over the same well-worn ground. Even Chapman had his predecessor; but he improved him off the face of the earth: his own archaic quaintness and Elizabethan conceits shocked the ears of the age of Dryden and Pope; their conceits, in turn, so far more

false and frigid, their *purpurei panni* of labored antithetical rhetoric, offended the simpler taste of Cowper; and Cowper in our own day has found his rivals, urged by the consciousness of a sounder scholarship or a more vigorous spirit, to strive to reproduce in stronger or more faithful colors the picture which seemed, despite all its merits, to be so feeble a copy of its great original. How far the last competitors in this field of fame have succeeded, it will be the object of the present article to show; but it may be well to preface the inquiry by a short historical sketch of the labors of past generations.

It would seem, as we have already said, that the honor of having been the first introducer of Homer to the English reader is not claimed by Chapman, as a translation of ten books of the *Iliad* from the French of M. Salel, by A. H. (Arthur Hall, Esq.), of Grantham, appeared in 1581. The author compliments the distinguished translators of the day—Golding, Phaier, and others,—and states that he began the work about 1563, under the advice of Roger Ascham. We have never seen the book, which is exceedingly rare; and we are indebted for these facts to the introduction to the last new edition of Chapman, whence we also learn that Chapman himself published parts of the *Iliad* in 1598, and the complete version probably in 1611; the first twelve books of the *Odyssey* in 1614, and the whole *Iliad* and *Odyssey* collected into one volume in 1616. His work, once also rare, is now again within reach of all, having been twice lately republished,—the *Iliad* by Dr. Taylor, in 1843, and the whole by Mr. Hooper in 1853. We intend to bring before our readers several specimens, which will give the reader a far better idea of his merits than any cut-and-dried criticism that we could offer. Indeed, it would be hard to improve on the well-known judgment of Charles Lamb: "He would have made a great epic poet, if, indeed, he had not abundantly shown himself to be one; for his Homer is not so properly a translation as the stories of Achilles and Ulysses rewritten. The earnestness and passion which he has put into every part of these poems would be incredible to a reader of mere modern translations. His almost Greek zeal for the honor of his heroes is only paralleled by that fierce spirit of Hebrew bigotry with which Milton, as if per-

* Voyage to Laputa, ch. viii.

sonating one of the zealots of the old Law, clothed himself when he sat down to paint the acts of Samson against the uncircumcised. The great obstacle to Chapman's translations being read is their unconquerable quaintness. He pours out in the same breath the most just and natural and the most violent and forced expressions. But passion (the all in all of poetry) is everywhere present, raising the low, dignifying the mean, and putting sense into the absurd."*

Soon after the Restoration appeared the version of John Ogilby, adorned with elaborate engravings to hide the poverty of its diction. It is said to have taken the fancy of the young Pope, and first inspired him with a relish for poetry, and perhaps for the poetry of Homer in particular. Pope's taste was, however, too correct to allow him to regard such a scribbler with other feelings than those of contempt; yet if Ogilby were ambitious of posthumous fame, he might well have thanked his stars that he had fallen under pope's eye of scorn, and thus escaped the still harder fate which Johnson had unjustly feared for Boswell, "that he had lost his only chance of immortality by not being alive when the *Dunciad* was written."

Impartial time has consigned to the same oblivion the work of a far greater man; for probably the majority of our readers are unaware that the whole *Iliad* and *Odyssey* have been translated by Thomas Hobbes. We may feel an interest in it as the perhaps unrivalled labor of fourscore years and seven; but it was not for the philosopher of Malmesbury to feel the touching beauty of those exquisite pictures of early Greek life, conceived in a spirit so opposite to the freezing selfishness of his narrow creed. We shall not easily recognize the lament of sad Andromache thus travestied:—

"My dear, you'll by your courage be undone,
And this your son a wretched orphan be;
The Greeks at once on you alone shall fall;
And then a woful widow shall be I;
And have no comfort in the world at all,
But live in misery and wish to die.
Father and mother have they left me none—

* * * * *

"Now, Hector, you my father are and brother;
Husband and mother, in thee I confide;
For pitie's sake, then, on this turret stay,
Lest fatherless your son, I widow be."

* Specimens of English Dramatic Poets, i. p. 91.

And we have only to carry our search further to find all around us fresh grounds to support an indictment for murder. Yet it is but fair to quote the close of his preface, which startles us by speaking of this great labor as if it had been merely designed as a lure to call off the falcons from a more important quarry: "But howsoever I defend Homer, I aim not thereby at any reflection upon the following translation. Why, then, did I write it? Because I had nothing else to do. Why publish it? Because I thought it might take off my adversaries from showing their folly upon my more serious writings, and set them upon my verses to show their wisdom."

Next among our translators stands the great name of John Dryden, from whose pen we have the first *Iliad* and the parting of Hector and Andromache, published about 1698. Pope has accorded to it the praise of a generous rival: "Had he translated the whole, I should no more have thought of attempting Homer after him than Virgil; his version of whom, notwithstanding some human errors, is the most noble and spirited I know in any language." Posterity will hardly, perhaps, deplore that the unfinished work of Dryden left room for Pope. Both versions, indeed, are of the same character, both equally wide of the simple grandeur of the original; but of the two, Dryden is decidedly, on the whole, inferior. It would seem, indeed, that Pope did not always thus distrust his power to rival Dryden as a translator, inasmuch as he had at one time intended to print together, for comparison, four translations of the first *Iliad*—his own, and those of Dryden, Maynwaring, and Tickell. This last appeared in 1715, at the same time with the earlier part of Pope's version, and was pronounced by Addison to have more of Homer in it than Pope's had,—as, indeed, it easily might. However this may be, its appearance caused some alienation of friendship; for though Addison had been one of those who had encouraged Pope to the task, Pope believed,—and, we fear, not without reason,—that he traced under the name of Tickell the hand of Addison.

Pope's *Iliad* was completed by 1720, and was followed in 1725 by the *Odyssey*, in which he was assisted by Fenton and Broomer. In an age when musical flow of rhythm was more valued than true poetic fire and rugged

energy, we need not wonder that Chapman and all his successors were dethroned, and that Pope reigned supreme in the world of letters. Few perhaps were sufficiently competent Grecians to care to compare him closely with the original; indeed, the only really great scholar then living was Bentley, whose opinion is well known: "It is a very pretty poem, Mr. Pope; but do not call it Homer."

Pope reigned without a rival for more than sixty years, till Cowper appeared in the field to contest his claim. Far as Cowper has excelled Pope in fidelity, in real correctness of taste and appreciation of the Homeric simplicity, the brilliancy of the elder poet has still held its own in popular estimation against the ponderous and often disjointed rhythm of his really far greater successor. Cowper has shown the strength and weakness of the Miltonic blank verse, as Pope had shown those of the decasyllable couplet; and we believe a preference has grown up for a freer metre, such as Chapman's (in the *Iliad*), which Charles Lamb pronounced "capable of all sweetness and grandeur. Cowper's ponderous blank verse detains you every step with some heavy Miltonism; Chapman gallops off with you at his own free pace."* We have the same freedom of metre in Dr. Maginn's very spirited ballads from the *Odyssey*, and a still greater freedom has been claimed by Mr. F. W. Newman; while the other metres have yet found their advocates, the decasyllable couplet having been chosen by Mr. Sotheby (1831), and the Miltonic blank verse by Mr. Wright, who closes our list.

This catalogue, though it may be far from exhaustive, contains the names of no less than fifteen authors, most of them otherwise known to fame, and some among the greatest names in the history of our literature, who have endeavored to supply the English reader with a metrical version of all or part of the Homeric poems. It may seem strange that so many should have attempted the same task, and stranger still that, after all their labors, a satisfactory translation should still be thought an impossibility. At any rate, this lengthened review of the labors of the past will not have been thrown away on our readers, if it has suggested the propriety of criticising a new translation, not by an

arbitrary standard of ideal perfection, but by comparison with its actual competitors. Yet we feel that one only of the two whom we have chosen as our special subject can be thus relatively estimated. Mr. Newman is a revolutionist in the principles on which his translation is constructed, and has scarcely any thing in common with any predecessor except Chapman, and differs too much even from him to be fairly commensurable; while to place him side by side with Pope, Cowper, or Sotheby, would be to subject him to a comparison which must necessarily do him an injustice. With their elegant flowing lines neither his verse nor his diction has any pretensions to compare; but he has departed from their standard deliberately, feeling that it is not by following in their footsteps that he can hope to avoid their failures. We propose, therefore, after a short statement of the principles on which he has proceeded, to select a few passages which our readers may place side by side with the Greek alone, and determine whether the object at which he aims is of sufficient importance, and has been sufficiently realized, to be worthy of the sacrifices which have been made to reach it.

The preface explains the grounds for the adoption of that peculiar metre which forms one of his distinguishing characteristics.

Firstly, he was led (by reasons with which we cordially agree) to prefer a ballad metre of some kind to that of either Pope or Cowper.

"The style of Homer is garrulous, abounding with formulas, redundant in particles and affirmative interjections, as also in grammatical connectives of time, place, and argument. In all these respects it is similar to the old English ballad, and in sharp contrast to the polished style of Pope, Sotheby, and Cowper. Indeed, the Homeric line itself is composed of two shorter lines, with three beats in each, and is undoubtedly founded on 'ditty' or sing-song, like our own ballad. On the contrary, the verse with five accents, which Pope, Cowper, Sotheby use, is adapted only to the terse, polished, oratorical or philosophical poetry of a later age. In such a metre (and peculiarly without rhyme) a high subject is necessary, and an artificial, if not an ornamental, style; even with tender sentiments, simplicity in it is not easily borne, unless there is something elevated or rare in the thoughts, while to be homely and prosaic, even for a few lines, is

* Letters, by Talfourd, i. p. 236.

offensive. Shakspeare knew this so well, that he chooses rather to break into plain prose than put common thought into five-foot metre. Indeed, with this metre the instinct of every translator at once sacrifices as inadmissible all the repetitions of epithets, half lines, and whole lines, which so characterize the Greek epic. So glaring a proof of the incongruity of their form might have suggested that the mischief must go far deeper, and that they sacrifice inner qualities of the original life as well as external badges."

Secondly, a ballad metre might be composed of systems of either four or three beats, or a combination of both; or, to illustrate by an example familiar to most readers, it might resemble either the long, short, or common measure of our ordinary hymn books: and of these three alternatives, after repeated trials, the last was chosen. Thirdly, the exigencies of rhyme, as had been shown even in the case of Chapman, positively forbid faithfulness, enforcing often the adoption of inappropriate words, and making it necessary to spin out or unduly condense the ideas to bring the lines into couplets. Rhyme, then, must at all hazards be abandoned, and thus the metre assumed a completely new character, and failed to satisfy the ear, till the expedient of adding an unaccented syllable to the second line in

each couplet was devised, and thus at last a result produced which Mr. Newman considered satisfactory, and which coincides exactly with the modern Greek epic. In the choice of words and expressions he has studied to attain "a plausible aspect of moderate antiquity, while remaining easily intelligible;" to prefer Saxon to Latinized words; to be quaint without being grotesque. Generally he dissents strongly from the dogma that the reader, if possible, should be lulled into the illusion that he is reading, not a translation, but an original poem. Mr. Newman's aim is the opposite to this,—to give his work as much as possible the character of a translation, as little as possible the character of an original poem; "to retain every peculiarity of the original, so far as he is able, with the greater care the more foreign it may happen to be, whether it be matter of taste, intellect, or morals."

Let us now instance in some selected passages the result of all these principles. As our space compels us to select but few, they shall be such as in their original are among the best known and most celebrated in the whole compass of the *Iliad*, requesting the reader to compare the translations closely with the Greek version, which we will not insult him by supposing that he does not possess.

"Thus saying, gallant Hector stretched,
But back into the bosom of
The child recoiled with wailing, scared
In terror dazzled to behold
Which from the helmet's topmost ridge
Then did his tender father laugh,
And gallant Hector instantly
Unfastened; so upon the ground
Then poised his little son aloft,
And raised a prayer to Jupiter

'O Jupiter, and other gods,
Soon may become his father's like,
Mighty to reign in Ilium,
And when from battle he returns,
'Far greater than his sire is he;'
The gory trophies of a foe,

Thus saying, in the mother's arms
And she her own dear child received
Laughing amid her tears; the which
And soothing her with hand and voice,

his arms toward his infant.
the nurse with dapper girdle
by his dear father's aspect,
the brass and crest of horsehair,
terrific o'er him nodded.
and laughed his queenly mother,
beneath his chin the helmet
he laid it all resplendent.
and dandled him, and kissed him,
and other gods immortal:
grant ye that this my infant
among the Trojans signal,
and terrible in prowess.
may some one say hereafter,—
and may he with him carry
his mother's heart to gladden.
he placed the tender infant;
within her fragrant bosom,
her husband saw and pitied;
he spake, her name pronouncing.

(vi. 466.)

Hither he hied him, pitying
Sore worsted, and with Jupiter
Then from the mountain's craggy highth
With foot outstriding rapidly.
Shivered beneath the immortal tread
Three steps he made; and with the fourth
Ægæ within whose lake profound
Golden abodes illustrious,

the Argives, by the Trojans
was mightily indignant:
incontinent descended,
The forest and long ridges
of Neptune onward hasting.
he reached his goal at Ægæ;
are builded to his honor
that sparkle undecaying

Hither arrived, beneath the yoke,
Brazen of foot and swift to fly,
He on his own immortal skin
The golden lash's canny weight
And o'er the billows 'gan him drive.
The ocean monsters well beknew
The sea with gladness oped its lap,
Skimmed o'er it; nor was underneath,
So him the lightly bounding steeds

he shot his heavenly coursers,
with golden manes long streaming.
with gold was clad; and grasping
on his own seat he mounted;
From all their caverns rising
their lord, and frisked around him.
as those immortal coursers
the brazen axle wetted.
bare to the Achaian galleys.

(xiii. 15.)

On it he placed a cornfield deep,
Reaping, and wielded each in hand
The bundles,—some behind the row
Others, the binders of the sheaves
Three were the binders of the sheaves,
Children the bundles gathering,
With heart of effort, dealt supply;
The king in silence near the row
Heralds, apart, beneath an oak
And o'er a mighty bull, new-slain,
White flour in plenty o'er it shed,

On it an orchard next he placed,
Laden with luscious crop of grapes;
Across the vineyard every row
On either side, a dark blue ditch;
Of tin; a single narrow path
By which the pickers came and went
And tender maids, and striplings slim,
Did in well-woven baskets bear
And in the midst of them a boy
Delightful, and with tiny voice
The others to the tune beat time,

where hireling workmen labored
a newly-sharpened sickle.
to earth did fall successive;
were knotting into trusses.
right urgent; but behind them
and in their arms encircling,
but, resting on his sceptre,
stood forth in soul delighted.
a banquet were preparing,
were busied, and women
as dinner for the hirelings.
all beautiful and golden,
dark were the clusters on it.
was propt on poles of silver.
around, a fence he carried
led through the field to reach it,
when they would crop the vineyard.
with gentle heart of childhood,
the fruit as honey pleasant.
on shrilly lute was harping
replied in dainty ditty.
and hummed and skirled and bounded.

(xviii. 550.)

Achilles, image of the gods!
Who on the deadly steps of Eld
And haply him the dwellers round
Nor standeth any by his side
Yet doth he verily, I wis,
Joy in his soul, and every day
His loved offspring to behold,
Mine is a direr fate; for I
Of all in wide-spread Troy; of whom
Fifty I had, when first arrived
Of these a score complete, save one,
My proper queen: the rest were born
Beneath fierce Ares most of them
But him who was my only guard
Him, fighting for his native land
Hector. And therefore now I seek
From thee his body to redeem,
But, Achilles! revere the gods,
Thy proper sire remembering:
Who have endured, what none beside
Unto my lips to raise the hand

thy proper sire remember,
far on, like me is carried.
with many an outrage harry,
to ward annoy and ruin.
while thee alive he learneth
the hope within him cherish,
returned from land of Troas.
the noblest sons had gotten
not one, I say, remaineth.
the children of Achaia,
came from a single mother,
of women in my chambers.
with knees unstrung are fallen;
to kin and folk and city,
thyself hadst lately vanquished,—
the galleys of Achaia,
and brilliant ransom bear thee.
and for my years have pity,
but sadder far my portion,
of men on earth would venture,
which hath my children slaughtered.”

(xxiv. 486.)

The reader who has not the book itself, but only these passages, to judge from, will undoubtedly have to draw his conclusions from very scanty data. We would gladly have quoted many more passages had our space permitted it; still, few though they be, we believe that they are fairly chosen, and give as good an idea of the work as extracts ever can give, and that their number might be doubled or trebled without adding much

to the reader's materials for judgment; and as the book itself may be procured at a very moderate price, those who wish to see more of it than we have laid before them hold the remedy in their own hands. In either case, whether the object of study be the book itself or our extracts, it will doubtless be read with that respectful attention which Mr. Newman's name and literary labors must command; we fear too, in either case, that the

reader who passes from the promise held out in the preface to the actual performance, will feel some such a disappointment as the student of Haydon's writings ever feels when brought for the first time face to face with one of Haydon's pictures, and convinced painfully that he whose conceptions had seemed so true and just has fallen far short of his own ideal. It would be unjust and ungenerous to deny that Mr. Newman's translation has many and peculiar merits. For instance, it is by far the most literal that has ever been written in English; all the constant epithets, almost all the particles, find their place, and the Greek is rendered line for line, and almost word for word. Still we seem to feel that, notwithstanding all this literal exactness, we have but the bare skeleton of the Greek without its poetry; and we much fear that an English reader, ignorant of the original, would scarcely gather from such a version that Homer was a poet of exquisite tenderness and feeling. Among the causes of our discontent, first and foremost must rank the metre, which we fear has only too well shown that capacity for degenerating into doggerel which Mr. Newman seems to rank among its characteristic excellencies. It is no doubt well adapted for introducing connecting words and particles, or for translating the Greek line by line, for it seems as if it would be fit for introducing any thing or translating any thing; as if it was a metre that nothing could elevate, or degrade, or improve, or spoil, and in which all subjects would sound alike; a theorem of Euclid, a leading article from the *Times*, or a dialogue from the last new novel, could all be reduced to it with the slightest possible verbal alteration. To such a mill all would be grist that came near it, and in no grain that had once passed through it would human ingenuity ever detect again a characteristic quality. Seriously speaking, even after reading thousands of lines, we cannot find that our ears are the least attuned to it, or that we can feel any more harmony or taste in it than we did at first. We believe that Mr. Newman has himself pointed out the best metre for translating Homer; and it is to be regretted that he shrank in diffidence from an attempt in that direction.* With the example of

* "I am not so rash as to say, that if freedom be given to rhyme, as in Walter Scott's poetry,—where the echo comes back sometimes in one, sometimes in two, or even three, four lines, a genius

Dr. Maginn before us, we cannot but think that, in the wide variety of our ballad measures, Mr. Newman might have found something at once free and melodious without having recourse to invention. New metres must doubtless be from time to time introduced into a language, but it seems that only in poetry of a very high order may such attempt be safely made. In a translation it is almost sure to fail, for translations even at best must seem stiff and ponderous, without the additional defect of an unfamiliar metre.

Again, though a style in some sort archaic is no doubt desirable, and even necessary, to represent such a poet as Homer, we cannot but consider that Mr. Newman's diction is needlessly antiquated and uncouth; and that, though he has not admitted any expressions which are unintelligible from their antiquity, he has omitted to observe the further caution, that archaism should not appear plainly to be constrained or assumed, lest a labored and highly artificial style of English should suggest the idea of a labored, artificial style of Greek, than which nothing can be more opposite to Homer. The archaism of Chapman, quaint as it is, is natural, not assumed; and it would be wiser not to imitate it now, but to aim at giving a character to the style by the use of such old words as are still familiar to us, rather than by rehabilitating those which have long since become obsolete, or perhaps never yet south of the Tweed found a home to rest in. But surely, even Chapman's hair would have stood on end at some of Mr. Newman's expressions. He hopes that he is quaint without being grotesque, yet feels that he "must retain many words which one or other will avow that he hates; and against hate it is useless to argue." But we must appeal from Mr. Newman the translator to Mr. Newman the critic, and ask, Is it intelligible, or is it not to speak of a "horse-twisted helmet" (xiii. 614), "bluff overthrow" (*αἰτίς ὤλεπος*), "curling-eyed Achæans"? do such expressions convey any meaning whatever, except so far as they suggest their Greek originals? Is it quaint, or is it grotesque, to call the Achæans "dapper-greaved," and their wives "dainty-cheeked" and "dapper-girdled"?—to translate *ὀφρύας* may not arise who will translate Homer into the melodies of *Marmion*, and produce a faithful and far more delightful poem than can ever come forth out of the principles on which I proceed."—*Preface*, p. viii.

ἐξέλετο "the wit of Glaucus crippled," or ἀποπτύει δ' ἄλδος ἄκρην "sputtering the briny spray" * or to speak of Pallas descending "plumping amid them," † like the crinolined hoyden of a boarding-school? Doubtless Homer meant to convey by Δῖος θυγάτηρ κλυδίσση a simple and respectful title; but who can say the same of "glorious imp of Jove," ‡ or "maiden imp," § or of heavenly imps," as a title for the Oread nymphs who spread their shade over the grave of Eëtion ¶. Again, is it at all likely that "elf-possessed" expresses the idea represented to a Greek writer of that age by the word δαμόνιος, epithet of people though it be, and not of things?

We do not mean to say that such phrases are fair or average specimens of Mr. Newman's diction. On the contrary, many of his expressions are not only unexceptionable, but even remarkable for their force and propriety. Still we cannot too strongly regret that such blots should occur at all; and that a want of poetic taste and feeling, a strained archaic quaintness, and an unhappy metre, should so mar the effect of a diction often forcible and vigorous, and a conscientious faithfulness of rendering perhaps unrivalled in our translations from the classics.

Mr. Wright has little or none of the individuality so conspicuous in Mr Newman, but follows with less boldness, and less risk of failure, in the beaten track; and endeavors rather to show what may be done on the principles already practised than to make an attempt in a new direction. He thus challenges close comparison with his predecessors, especially Cowper, and may best be estimated, as we propose to estimate him, by a comparative standard. Indeed, in so doing we should only be meting to him the same justice which has been already measured to others; the comparative merits of Chapman, Pope, and Cowper having been thus tested at length in the *Retrospective Review* (vol. iii., 1834), and the comparison of various other versions with that of Sotheby having been the subject of some highly interesting essays by Professor Wilson, reprinted in vol. viii. of his collected writings. Both works abound with excellent criticisms, and we may generally refer to them for many remarks and quotations which we have not

here space to introduce; entering somewhat of protest as we pass, that the former writer seems to underrate Cowper, the latter to overrate Sotheby.

In our selection of passages, we naturally turn first to the fierce debate of the first Iliad as a test of the powers of a translator. The whole is far too long to quote entire, but we may perhaps select as a specimen the second reply of Agamemnon (vv. 173-187), especially the three wonderful lines with which it opens, those lines which have ever seemed the ideal expression of that hatred which veils itself under the guise of scorn. We have not space for many versions, and therefore must omit Chapman, though very good and spirited.

"To this the king: Fly, mighty warrior! fly,
Thy aid we need not, and thy threats defy,
There want not chiefs in such a cause to fight,
And Jove himself shall guard a monarch's right,

Of all the kings, the gods' distinguished care,
To power superior none such hatred bear.
Strife and debate thy restless soul employ,
And wars and horrors are thy sacred joy.
If thou hast strength, 'twas Heaven that strength bestowed,

For know, vain man, thy valor is from God.
Haste, launch thy vessels, fly with speed away,
Rule thine own realms with arbitrary sway;
I heed thee not but prize at equal rate
Thy short-lived friendship and thy groundless hate.

Go, threat thy earth-born Myrmidons; but here

'Tis mine to threaten, prince, and thine to fear.

Know, if the god the beauteous dame demand,
My bark shall waft her to her native land;
But then prepare, imperious prince, prepare,
Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair;
E'en in thy tent I'll seize the blooming prize,
Thy loved Briseis with the radiate eyes;
Hence shalt thou prove my might, and curse the hour

Thou stood'st a rival of imperial power;
And hence to all our host it shall be known
That kings are subject to the gods alone."

—Pope.

"Fly, and fly now; if in thy soul thou feel
Such ardor of desire to go,—begone!
I woo thee not to stay: stay not an hour
On my behalf, for I have others here
Who will respect me more, and above all
All-judging Jove. There is not in the host
King or commander whom I hate as thee,
For in dissension ever, and in blood
Is thy delight; yet valor is no ground
Whereon to boast, it is the gift of Heaven.
Go, get ye back to Phthia, thou and thine!
There rule thy Myrmidons. I need not thee,
Nor heed thy wrath a jot. But this I say,

* iv. 426.

† iv. 79.

‡ iv. 515.

§ v. 783.

¶ vi. 420.

Sure as Apollo takes my lovely prize
Chryseis, and I shall return her home
In mine own bark, and with my proper crew;
So sure the fair Briseis shall be mine.
I will demand her even at thy tent.

So shalt thou well be taught, how high in
power

I soar above thy pitch, and none shall dare
Attempt, thenceforth, comparison with me."

—Cowper.

"Fly, if thy mind so prompt thee; fly at once,
Stay not for me, I ask thee not to stay.
Others will honor me, and more than all,
Great Jove the counsellor. Of heaven-born
kings

Thee I detest the most. Battle and blood
Are ever thy delight. If thou be strong,
Some god that strength bestowed. Fly with
thy ships,

And lord it o'er thy Myrmidons at home.
I heed thee not, and disregard thy wrath.
Yet hear this threat—Since Phœbus claims
from me

Chryseis' fair daughter, ships and friends of
mine

Shall lead the damsel back. But to thy tent
Hence will I speed myself, and tear away
Thy prize, Briseis of the beauteous cheeks.
So shalt thou learn by proof how far my
power

Surpasseth thine; and all shall be deterred
From boasting an equality with me."

—Wright.

To compare these: Pope may seem great till we compare him with the original, and see him wandering far from its simple dignity. Sixteen lines have been spun out into twenty-six, yet leave point after point untouched and unrendered. The second line is turgid and not Homeric, and we search in vain for the scornful *εἰ τοι θυμὸς ἐλέσσυται*; while the third and fourth, even combined, fail to convey the subtle *εἰσπρέπεια* of Homer's third. He misses entirely the intense personal feeling of the *ἐχθιστος δέ μοι ἔσσι*; and though his ninth line is good, he seems to have been forced by the exigencies of rhyme to spoil it by saying the same thing over again in the tenth. The elaborate antithesis between short-lived friendship and groundless hate is neither Homer nor Homeric; and the "But here 'tis mine to threaten" we believe to be founded upon a mistranslation of *ὦδε*.* The nineteenth and twentieth lines are pure insertion; and a closer analysis might detect many other defects of detail too numerous to mention, besides and be-

* It is at least open to question whether *ὦδε* is ever used of place in Homer: cf. Nitzsch on Od. i. 182, and L. and S. s. v. At any rate, we do not believe that it can be so used in this passage.

yond the cardinal defect of all, the spirit of grandiloquent bombast in which the whole is conceived. Cowper's is, on the whole, an excellent translation; the three opening Greek lines are rendered faithfully and spiritedly though without the terseness or strength of the original, and we scarcely miss any point of detail, except some of the constant epithets. Mr. Wright is even still more closely literal as any reader will see who takes the trouble to compare him with the Greek; but for taste and power his translation will not equal Cowper's. It is faithful in word and phrase, faithful too in preserving the abrupt, spasmodic, disjointed structure of the sentences in which the rage too fierce for fluency finds its utterance. Yet we feel somehow that the life and fire of the original have evaporated in the translation. How or where they have evaporated, or what alterations might restore them, is perhaps as hard to show as it is to point out to a copyist the microscopic touches and strokes which have baffled his skill, as he strives to reproduce the magic creations of Raffaele or Titian. He may copy minutely and scrupulously, till his work seems in detail indistinguishable from the original, yet some almost invisible line has been missed which gave that original all its character. Such is ever the fate of him who attempts to translate one of the world's great poets.

Let us next examine the versions of the oath of Achilles (vv. 234-44); and as we would not willingly overtax the reader's patience, we will not quote Pope, simply expressing our opinion (in which we believe that all who take the trouble to consult the passage will agree with us) that he is sonorous and rhetorical, but pompous and bombastic to the last degree, and therefore eminently the reverse of Homeric. In support of this, we need but quote a single specimen, the turgid rendering of the simple lines:—

"*εὗτ' ἂν πολλοὶ ὑφ' Ἑκτορος ἀνδρόφύνοιο
θνήσκοντες πίπτωσι.*"

"When, flushed with slaughter, Hector comes
to spread

The purple shore with mountains of the dead."

In place of Pope, let us hear Sotheby, with Mr. Wright and Cowper, as before:—

"By this same sceptre, which shall never bud,
Nor boughs bring forth as once, which having
left

Its parent on the mountain-top, what time
 The woodman's axe lopped off its foliage
 green,
 And stripped its bark, shall never grow again ;
 Which now the judges of Achaia bear,
 Who under Jove stand guardians of the laws ;
 By this I swear (mark thou the sacred oath),
 Time shall be, when Achilles shall be missed ;
 When all shall want him, and thyself the
 power
 To help the Achaians, whatso'er thy will ;
 When Hector at your heels shall mow you
 down
 The hero-slaughtering Hector ! Then thy
 soul,
 Vexation-stung, shall tear thee with remorse,
 That thou hast scorned, as he were nothing
 worth,
 A chief, the soul and bulwark of thy cause."
 —Cowper.

"Yet by this sceptre, which untimely reft
 From its bare trunk upon the mountains left,
 Barked by the steel, and of his foliage shorn,
 Nor bark nor foliage shall again adorn ;
 But borne by powerful chiefs of high com-
 mand,
 Guardians of law, and judges of the land :
 Be witness thou, with this tremendous test
 I ratify my word and steel my breast ;
 The day shall come, when Greece in dire
 alarm
 Shall lean for succor on Pelides' arm ;
 Then when beneath fierce Hector's murdering
 blade
 Thy warriors bleed, and claim in vain thy
 aid ;
 Rage shall consume thy heart, that maddening
 pride
 Dishonoring me, thy bravest chief defied."
 —Sotheby.

"By this my sceptre, which hath never borne
 Or leaf or branch, since in the mountains first
 It left its trunk ; and ne'er will bud again,—
 Stript by the unsparing axe of leaves and
 bark,—
 And such is held an emblem in the hands
 Of judges who uphold the laws of Jove :—
 Yea, by this sceptre,—oath inviolate,—
 A day is coming, when the Greeks shall all
 Long for Achilles, and thine arm prove weak
 To save thy people, falling fast beneath
 The slaughtering Hector. Then shall keen
 remorse
 Dart through thine inmost soul a bitter pang,
 For honoring not the bravest of the Greeks."
 —Wright.

As before, Mr. Wright is the most literal ;
 as before, he is the least poetical. It is only
 by close comparison with the Greek that his
 exactness will be fully evident, so that he
 must be content to forego the admiration of
 the general reader, to whom his fidelity will
 be less palpable than his poverty. Sotheby's
 seventh and eighth lines are a great blot
 upon a version otherwise good ; for it is ab-

surd to call the sceptre a "tremendous test,"
 and the expression "steel my breast" is a
 feeble insertion out of harmony with the
 rest of the passage. The *πρὸς Διὸς* also is
 much too significant to be altogether omit-
 ted, as it is. Cowper is on the whole good,
 and Homeric in spirit if not in letter, but is
 wanting in energy.

We will take one more passage, and only
 one, from the first book ; the three far-famed
 lines (528-530) which are said to have given
 Phidias his glorious conception of Olympian
 Zeus. We cannot give the reader less than
 six versions :—

"He said, and his black eyebrows bent ; above
 his deathless head
 Th' ambrosian curls flowed ; great heaven
 shook."
 —Chapman.

"The stamp of heaven and seal of fate—he said,
 And shook the sacred honors of his head.
 With terror trembled heaven's subsiding hill ;
 And from his shaken curls ambrosial dews
 distil."
 —Dryden.

"He spoke, and awful bend his sable brows,
 Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,
 The stamp of fate and sanction of the god ;
 High heav'n with trembling the dread signal
 took,
 And all Olympus to its centre shook."
 —Pope.

"He ceased, and under his dark brows the nod
 Vouchsafed of confirmation. All around
 The sovereign's everlasting head his curls
 Ambrosial shook, and the huge mountain
 reeled."
 —Cowper.

"He spake, and fully to confirm his vow,
 The sanction gave, and bowed his awful brow,
 From his immortal head profusely flowed
 Th' ambrosial locks that waved around the
 god,
 While all Olympus trembled at his nod."
 —Sotheby.

"He spoke ; and bending low his sable brows,
 Jove bowed assent. Around the immortal
 head
 Of heaven's high king flowed down the am-
 brosial locks,
 And vast Olympus trembled."
 —Wright.

We have not space to examine closely all
 these translations of the untranslatable ;
 those who wish to be saved the trouble of
 examining them for themselves must be re-
 ferred to Professor Wilson's critique, already
 mentioned, which contains an elaborate ex-
 amination of all these, except Mr. Wright,
 with others which we have not quoted. It

is enough for us to point out briefly Mr. Wright's place among them. It will be seen at a glance that he has taken the safer course in confining himself rigidly to the Greek, without expansion or addition. This scrupulous fidelity has not, indeed, placed him on a level with the daring of Chapman, whose version strikes us as by far the finest of all; but he has at least avoided the feeble diffuseness of Sotheby, and the glaring false imagery of Dryden; and though Pope's version be finer in some respects, it is marred by the third line, which was certainly not worth stealing from Dryden, though it must be granted that Pope mended it in the stealing. We believe, then, that Mr. Wright may be bracketed with Cowper for the second place.

From the second Iliad let us select the description, so stirring with life and motion, of the gathering of the Argive host in assembly (84-100). That we may not be always quoting from the same sources, we will confine ourselves to Chapman and Mr. Wright.

"The earth was overlaid
With flocks to them that came forth, as when
Of frequent bees
Swarms rise out of a hollow rock, repairing the
degrees
Of their egression endlessly, with ever-rising new
From forth their sweet nest; as their store, still
as it faded, grew,
And never would cease sending forth her clusters
to the spring,
They still crowd out so; this flock here, that
there, belaboring
The loaded flowers; so from the ships and tents
the army's store
Trooped to these princes, and the court along
th' unmeasured shore.
Amongst whom, Jove's ambassadress, Fame, in
her virtue shined,
Exciting greediness to hear. The rabble thus
inclined,
Hurried together; uproar seized the high court;
earth did groan
Beneath the settling multitude; tumult was there
alone.
Thrice three vociferous heralds rose to check the
roul, and get
Ear to their Jove-kept governors, and instantly
was set
The huge confusion; every man set fast, the
clamor ceased." —Chapman.

"From every quarter flocked the people round;
And as the bees, in closely-thronging swarms
Ever fresh-issuing from some hollow rock,
Fly forth in spring-time, clustering on the
flowers,
Some here, some there; so to the assembly
swarmed

From tent and ship along the wide-spread
shore

The banded tribes of that unnumbered host;
While Rumor, busy messenger of Jove,
Among them blazed, exciting all with speed
To flock to the assembly. When they met
Great was the din; and, as the people sat,
Earth groaned beneath. The tumult to assuage,

And win a hearing for the heaven-born kings,
Nine heralds strove. At last the clamor
ceased,

And all were seated."

—Wright.

We hope to carry the reader along with us in saying, that for strength and spirit and general effect, Chapman, notwithstanding all his quaintness, must again bear away the victory. If we examine line by line in detail, Mr. Wright will be found to have acquitted himself excellently; but his people and his bees do not move in such living masses as those of Homer and Chapman. We cannot find room for Cowper, who, indeed, is scarcely as good as usual, and, amongst other defects, should not have translated *ἡῖόνος βαθείης* "the green level."

Mr. Wright is on the whole inclined to err on the side of terseness; but we have before us an example of the opposite error. Homer allots to Nireus but five lines;* three, each beginning with his name, tell his force, his parentage, his beauty; the fourth adds, that even in his one point Achilles surpassed him; the fifth disposes of him forever in one curt strong line, which seems to wither the whole passage into sarcasm, and to point scorn at that beauty too delicate to be joined with manliness. Mr. Wright has translated the first four very faithfully, but has expanded this line into two, and in the expansion has evaporated all its strength:—

"Nireus from Syma led three well-poised ships,
Nireus, the son of Charops and Aglain,
Nireus, most beautiful of all the Greeks
Who came to Troy, save Pelens' blameless
son.

But he was weak and delicate of frame;

Nor many were the followers that he brought."

There are passages in which a single line makes all the difference, and this is one of them.

All will recollect the beautiful passage in the third book, where Helen names to Priam and his senators, as they sat on the tower, the leading Achaean chiefs drawn up in the plain below them. We may select from this episode the description given by Antenor of

* Book ii. 671 675.

the eloquence of Odysseus and Menelaus,* as one of the severest tests possible of a translator's power. The passage would require to be closely followed, not diluted into paraphrase; and we may therefore confine our attention to Cowper and Mr. Wright, the two who have most closely followed the original, and therefore most deserved success.

"Princess! thou hast described him; hither
once

The noble Ithican on thy behalf,
Ambassador with Menelaus, came,
And at my board I entertained them both.
The person and the intellect of each
I noted; and remarked that when they stood
Surrounded by the senators of Troy,
Atrides by the shoulders overtopped
The prince of Ithica, but when they sat,
Ulysses had the more majestic air.
In his address to our assembled chiefs,
Sweet to the ear, but brief was the harangue
Of Menelaus, neither loosely vague
Nor wordy, though he were the younger man.
But when Ulysses rose, his downcast eye
He riveted so fast, his sceptre held
So still, as if a stranger to its use,
That, hadst thou seen him, thou hadst thought
him, sure,
Some chafed and angry idiot, passion-fixed.
Yet when again the clear and mellow bass
Of his deep voice brake forth, and he let fall
His chosen words like flakes of feathered snow,
None then might match Ulysses, leisure then
Found none to wonder at his noble form."

—Cowper.

"Then spoke the sage Antenor: 'I avouch
Thy words, O lady; for on thy behalf
Divine Ulysses came erewhile to Troy
With warlike Menelaus. In my halls
I entertained them both as guests, and learnt
The bias and the genius of their minds.
When, mingled with the senators of Troy,
They stood erect, then Menelaus, broad
Of shoulder, towered the loftiest; when they
sat

Ulysses greater majesty displayed.
When in debate their counsels they declared,
Rapid and brief was Menelaus' speech,
Concisely uttered in a clear sweet tone;
For he was not a man of many words,
Nor wandered from the point, though young
in years.

But when Ulysses, deep of counsel, rose—
With downcast eyes he stood—his sceptre still
And motionless,—as though unused to speak;
And one who closely his deportment marked,
Had deemed him sullen, or bereft of sense.
Yet from his breast, when flowed that mighty
voice,

And words came forth like flakes of wintry
snow,

No mortal with Ulysses might compare:
No more in wonder on his form we gazed."

—Wright

* Book iii. 204-224.

Cowper's is certainly a good translation, probably as good as we are likely to get till our ideal translator shall arise. He omits the constant epithets *ἀρήφελος* and *πολύμητις*, which gives him an unfair advantage over Mr. Wright, who has faced them boldly, notwithstanding their chilling effect in an English version; still we believe that he has brought out the main features of the portrait that Homer intended to draw, and has at the same time not neglected careful finish of detail. In Mr. Wright, we have first to object to "bias and genius of their minds." The line, as it reads, is very obscure, not to say unintelligible, and sets us racking our brains, as Homer never meant them to be racked, to distinguish clearly between the bias of a mind and its genius. We do not know whether it be "bias" or "genius" that is intended to translate *φύη*, and we do not much care; for that word in Homer never means either one or other of them, nor any mental or internal quality whatever, but is always used to describe the form or personal appearance.* Cowper's "person and intellect" are far nearer the mark, though far short of perfection. *Ἐπιπροχάδην* might express either fluency or brevity (we should prefer the former interpretation); but it is perhaps cutting the Gordian knot to make it mean "rapid and brief." Nor do we quite see what "concisely uttered" has to express, as *ἐπιπροχάδην* is thus doubly provided for, and *ἀγέως* has yet to come; nor does the phrase seem either Homeric or poetical. The nineteenth line is mainly an insertion, both feeble in style and false in fact; for surely, those who looked *closely* would be not more but less likely to mistake his deportment. The passage seems altogether below Cowper in poetry and taste, and not sufficiently accurate to atone for its baldness. Both he and Cowper are content to translate *ἀναιξεν* "he rose," and thus miss the point of that expressive word, no doubt intended to be as characteristic of Odysseus as *ἀναιξας* and *ποιτνύοντα* in the first book are characteristic of Hephaestus. So does Chapman miss it, but he did not aim at verbal exactness; so does Pope, but we were prepared to find him miss it; while from Cowper and Mr. Wright we had expected

* Cf. i. 115, ii. 58, and several other passages quoted by L. and S. s. v. Thus Homer goes on in the next three lines to describe the *φύη*, and afterwards the *μῆδεα* from v. 212.

better things. We need not quote Chapman's version; it is marred by his misconception of the character of Menelaus, whom he describes in a note as "simple, well-meaning, standing still affectedly on telling truth, small and shrill voice, not sweet or eloquent (as some against the hair would have him), short-spoken after his country the Laconical manner, yet speaking thick and fast,—his utterance noiseful, small, or squeaking, an excellent pipe for a fool." We leave the appreciation of this criticism to the reader's taste.

The two exquisite lines (b. iii. vv. 243, 244) that tell why Helen in vain strained her gaze to see her twin brothers in the Argive war-host, must almost necessarily evaporate in the hand of a translator from their perfect simplicity. Mr. Wright and Cowper have both kept close to the Greek, though they might have kept closer.

"She said, but they already slept inhumed
In Lacedæmon's vale, their native soil."

—Cowper.

"Vain thought! to earth consigned, the heroes
slept

In Lacedæmon, their dear native land."

—Wright.

Why should both have omitted the beautiful epithet *ψαίδος*? Even were it only a constant epithet, it should have been rendered; but we believe it to have a beautiful and significant force in close antithesis to *κάτεχεν*, "earth the life-giving held entombed in death." Such meaning, if it be intended, has escaped all the translators, but has not escaped the keen eye of Mr. Ruskin, who quotes the passage as "an instance to show the peculiar dignity possessed by all passages which thus limit their expression to the pure fact, and leave the hearer to gather what he can from it. Note here the high poetical truth carried to the extreme. The poet has to speak of the earth in sadness; but he will not let that sadness affect or change his thought of it. No; though Castor and Pollux be dead, yet the earth is our mother still—fruitful, life-giving."*

For spirited description, few, if any, passages in the Iliad can compare with the noble lines in b. v., vv. 734—751, describing Athene arming herself to battle in the pano-

* Cf. Professor Conington's note on a somewhat parallel, though more undoubted, antithesis in Æsch. Choeph. 66:

"δὲ αἶματ' ἐκποθένθ' ὑπὸ χθονὸς τροφῶν."

ply of heaven,—lines long since noted with an asterisk by the ancient critics for their surpassing beauty. Let us see how the translators have dealt with them.

"Minerva wrapt in her robe that curiously she
wove,

With glorious colors, as she sat on th' azure
floor of Jove,

And wore the arms that he puts on, bent to
the tearful field.

About her broad-spread shoulders hung his
huge and horrid shield,

Fringed round with ever-fighting snakes,
through it was drawn to life

The miseries and deaths of fight, in it frowned
bloody Strife,

In it shined sacred Fortitude, in it fell Púr-
suit flew,

In it the monster Gorgon's head, in which
held out to view

Were all the dire ostents of Jove; on her big
head she placed

His four-plumed glittering casque of gold, so
admirably vast,

It would an hundred garrisons of soldiers
comprehend;

Then to her shining chariot her vigorous feet
ascend;

And in her violent hand she takes his grave,
huge, solid lance,

With which the conquests of her wrath she
useth to advance,

And overturns whole fields of men, to show
she was the seed

Of him that thunders. Then heaven's queen,
to urge her horses' speed,

Takes up the scourge, and forth they fly. The
ample gates of heaven

Rung, and flew open of themselves; the
charge whereof is given

With all Olympus and the sky, to the distin-
guished Hours,

That clear or hide it all in clouds, or pour it
down in showers."

—Chapman.

"Pallas disrobes; her radiant veil untied,

With flowers adorned, with art diversified;
The labored veil her heavenly fingers wove

Flows on the pavement of the court of Jove.
Now heaven's dread arms her mighty limbs

invest,
Jove's cuirass blazes on her ample breast;

Decked in sad triumph for the mournful field,
O'er her broad shoulders hangs his horrid

shield,
Dire, black, tremendous! round the margin

rolled
A fringe of serpents, hissing, guards the gold.

Here all the terrors of grim war appear,
Here rages Force, there trembles Flight and

Fear,
Here stormed Contention, and here Fury

frowned,
And the dire orb portentous Gorgon crowned,

The massive golden helm she next assumes,
That dreadful nod with four o'ershading

plumes.

So vast, the broad circumference contains
A hundred armies on a hundred plains.
The goddess thus th' imperial car ascends,
Shook by her arm the mighty jav'lin bends,
Ponderous and huge; that, when her fury
burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'er-
turns.
Swift at th' scourge the imperial coursers fly,
While the smooth chariot cuts the liquid sky.
Heaven's gates, spontaneous, open to the pow-
ers,
Heaven's golden gates, kept by the wingèd
Hours,
Commissioned in alternate watch they stand,
The sun's bright portals, and the skies com-
mand,
Involve in clouds th' eternal gates of day,
Or the dark barrier roll the ease away."

—Pope.

"Meantime Minerva, progeny of Jove,
On the adamantine floor of his abode
Let fall profuse her variegated robe,
Labor of her own hands. Then she puts on
The corslet of the Thunderer her sire,
And armed her for the field of woe complete.
She charged her shoulder with the dreadful
shield—

The shaggy ægis, bordered thick around
With Terror: there was Discord, Prowess
there,

There hot Pursuit, and there the feature grim
Of Gorgon, dire deformity, a sign
Of borne portentous on the arm of Jove.

Her golden helm, whose concave had sufficed
The legions of a hundred cities, rough
With warlike ornament superb, she fixed
On her immortal head. Thus armed she rose
Into the flaming chariot, and her spear
Huge, pond'rous, irresistible, received,
With which Jove's awful daughter levels
ranks

Of heroes, against whom her anger burns.
Juno with lifted lash urged quick the steeds;
At her approach, spontaneous roared the wide
Unfolding gates of heaven; the heavenly gates
Kept by the watchful Hours, to whom the
charge

Of the Olympian summit appertains,
And of the boundless æther, back to roll,
And to replace the cloudy barrier dense."

—Cowper.

"Minerva, child of ægis-bearing Jove,
Showered down on her celestial father's floor
The variegated robe her hands had wrought,
And buckling on the corslet of her sire,
Made preparation for the mournful war.
She decked her shoulders with the dreaded
ægis

With fringes girt, and garlanded with Fear:
In it were pictured Discord, Force, and Rout;
In it the Gorgon monster's dreadful head,
Portent of ægis-bearing Jove. Her brow
She crowned with golden helm, mounted with
studs,

And fourfold crest,—in which might be con-
tained

The marshalled armies of an hundred towns.
Her flaming car she mounted, seized her
spear,
Huge, ponderous, strong, with which she over-
throws

The ranks of heroes, doomed to feel her
wrath—

Child of a mighty father. With a lash
Juno the coursers urged. At her approach
Spontaneous opened the wide gates of heaven,
Kept by the Hours, to whom is given in
charge

The vast Olympus, or to block the approach
With heavy cloud, or roll it darkling back."

—Wright.

All the translators seem to be at their best
in attempting this noble passage. Chap-
man is very Homeric and even unusually
close and faithful, though by some strange
obliquity he has taken *κατέχευεν* to mean the
very opposite to that which it does mean.
Pope too is very vigorous; but he has ex-
panded nineteen lines of Greek into thirty
lines of English, and the expansion has not
proved a gain. In the seventh line, though
the "mournful field" is in Homer, the "sad
triumph" is not; nor is it in any way a
Homeric idea. The ninth and tenth are
almost pure insertion, so is the "Fury
frowned;" while in all this expansion room
cannot be found for the

"δαινὴ τε, σμερδὴν τε, Διὸς τέρας αἰγώχου,"

except so far as it is expressed by speaking
of a "dire orb" and a "portentous Gorgon."
The "hundred plains" is an unnecessary
exaggeration of an idea already in all con-
science hyperbolical enough; it is hard to
put up with "imperial" in place of *φλόγεα*;
in all the diffuseness of the following lines
the expressive epithet *ἐβριμοπύκτη* is unpro-
vided for, and the line

"While the smooth chariot cuts the liquid sky"
is, again, pure insertion, and a very feeble
insertion too. Yet, for all this, the passage
is quite in Pope's best manner. Cowper
also is very good, though his opening lines
hang heavily. We should demur to the ex-
pression "dire deformity;" and we doubt
whether *Διὸς τέρας* even joined with *αἰγώχου*
has the definiteness of meaning which he
gives to it. Mr. Wright's version is more
spirited than usual, and very carefully fin-
ished in detail. He is the only one who has
correctly apprehended the nature of the
ægis, and not made it a shield.* Also he

* Cf. Smith, Dict. of Antiqq., s. v.

has seen, as no one else has seen, the difficulty in the juxtaposition of ἀμφίφαλος and τετραφάλιος, and is probably right in making the latter, not a mere lengthened form of τετράφαλος, but a word from a different root, appearing also in φαληριών, and either the name for the plume or an epithet of it.* His translation of ἀμφίφαλος is perhaps open to question, but he has a right to hold his own opinion upon the subject. We may remark that he has lost the force of μέκον in translating it simply "opened."

We have already trespassed far too much on the reader's attention with our quotations, but we could not expect to be pardoned if after all we did not give a passage from the episode of Hector and Andromache. Let us take the reply of Hector (b. vi. vv. 440-465), and first give attention to Chapman.

"Be well assured, wife, all these things in my kind cares are weighed.

But what a shame, and fear, it is to think how Troy would scorn

(Both in her husbands and her wives, whom long-trained gowns adorn,)

That I shall cowardly fly off! The spirit I first did breathe

Did never teach me that; much less, since the contempt of death

Was settled in me, and my mind knew what a worthy was,

Whose office is to lead in fight, and give no danger pass

Without improvement. In this fire must Hector's trial shine;

Here must his country, father, friends, be, in him, made divine.

And such a stormy time shall come (in mind and soul I know)

When sacred Troy shall shed her tow'rs for tears of overthrow,

When Priam, all his birth and pow'r shall in those tears be drowned.

But neither Troy's posterity so much my soul doth wound,

Priam, nor Hecuba herself, nor all my brother's woes

(Who though so many, and so good, must all be food for foes),

As thy sad state, when some rude Greek shall lead thee weeping hence,

These free days clouded, and a night of captive violence

Loading thy temples, out of which thine eyes must never see,

But spin the Greek wives' webs of task, and their fetch-water be

To Argos, from Messides or clear Hyperia's spring;

Which, howsoever thou abhor'st, Fate's such a shrewish thing

* Cf. Buttm. Lexil. s. v. φάλος, sect. 9.

She will be mistress; whose curst hands, when they shall crush out cries
From thy oppressions (being beheld by other enemies),

Thus they will nourish thy extremes; 'This dame was Hector's wife,

A man that at the wars of Troy did breathe the worthiest life

Of all their army.' This again will rub thy fruitful wounds,

To miss the man that to thy hands could give such narrow bounds.

But that day shall not wound mine eyes; the solid heap of night

Shall interpose, and stop mine ears against thy plaints and plight."

This exhibits well old Chapman's strength and weakness. On the one hand, it is full of truth and force and life, deeply tinged with the Homeric spirit, and fairly faithful to the Homeric letter. Yet we have, as of old, to balance against these his unconquerable quaintness and Elizabethan conceits. How much of Chapman, how little of Homer, is there in the "shed her tow'rs for tears of overthrow" and "in those tears be drowned;" and again, in the "night of captive violence," and the whole following line. "Nourish thy extremes," "to thy hands give narrow bounds," "solid heap of night," are all far too quaint even for ears tuned to Chapman's diction.

Dryden here re-appears as a translator, but with scanty success, as will be seen:—

"That and the rest are in my daily care.

But, should I shun the dangers of the war,
With scorn the Trojans would reward my pains,

And their proud ladies with the sweeping trains;

The Grecian swords and lances I can bear,
But loss of honor is my only fear.

Shall Hector, born to war, his birthright yield,
Belie his courage, and forsake the field?

Early in rugged arms I took delight,
And still have been the foremost in the fight.

With dangers dearly have I bought renown,
And am the champion of my father's crown.

And yet my mind forbodes, with sure presage,
That Troy should perish by the Grecian rage

The fatal day draws on, when I must fall,
And universal ruin cover all.

Not Troy itself, though built by hands divine,
Nor Priam, nor his people, nor his line,

My mother, nor my brothers of renown,
Whose valor yet defends the unhappy town—

Not these, nor all the fates which I foresee
Are half of that concern I have for thee.

I see, I see thee, in that fated hour,
Subjected to the victor's cruel power;

Led hence a slave to some insulting sword,
Forlorn, and trembling at a foreign lord.

A spectacle in Argos at the loom,
 Gracing with Trojan fights a Grecian room.
 Or from deep wells the living stream to take,
 And on thy weary shoulders bear it back.
 While, groaning under this laborious life,
 They insolently call thee Hector's wife;
 Upbraid thy bondage with thy husband's
 name,
 And from thy glory propagate thy shame.
 This when they say, thy sorrows will in-
 crease,
 With anxious thoughts of former happiness, }
 That he is dead who could thy wrongs red- }
 dress.
 But I, oppressed with iron sleep before,
 Shall hear thy unavailing cries no more."

We have not time, nor space, nor patience to criticise all this in detail. It is of course vigorous sounding English, for Dryden could write none other if he tried; but we believe that scarcely a line from beginning to end is Homeric, scarcely an idea undistorted, and the whole touching, unconscious simplicity of the passage is turned into theatrical declamation. We have not space to quote Pope; but the reader will find that in his version, though the gross errors of Dryden's taste are avoided, in many undesirable points they have been followed, and that Pope has errors of his own as well. A detailed examination of both has been given by Professor Wilson. We may add, that both Dryden and Pope make Andromache embroider on her loom for her Argive task-mistress the sad tale of fallen Troy. The idea may be poetical, but it is not in Homer; Homer, we think, would rather have made such a work a labor of joy than of sorrow; and has more appropriately given it to her who alone owned in her heart a divided allegiance in Troy's death-struggle, the half-contrite, half-complacent Traviata whose character seems even yet to be an unfathomed mystery.* Pope has also such expressions as "weight of waters," "load of monumental clay," and others very contrary to the Homeric spirit. Still, his version will not be read without pleasure, and he has far excelled his great master Dryden.

Cowper has again reached, if not surpassed, his usual excellence, and has several very beautiful touches:—

"Thy cares are all mine also. But I dread
 The matron's scorn, the brave man's just dis-
 disdain,
 Should fear seduce me to desert the field.
 No! my Andromache, my fearless heart

* Cf. b. iii. 125.

Me rather urges into foremost fight,
 Studious of Priam's glory and my own.
 For my prophetic soul foresees a day
 When Ilium, Ilium's people, and, himself,
 Her warlike king, shall perish. But no grief
 For Ilium; for her people; for the king
 My warlike sire; nor even for the queen;
 Nor for the numerous and the valiant band
 My brothers, destined all to bite the ground,
 So moves me, as my grief for thee alone,
 Doomed then to follow some imperious Greek,
 A weeping captive, to the distant shores
 Of Argos; there to labor at the loom
 For a task-mistress, and with many a sigh,
 But heaved in vain, to bear the ponderous
 urn

From Hyperia's or Messai's fount.

Fast flow thy tears the while, and as he eyes
 That silent shower, some passing Greek shall
 say,

'This was the wife of Hector, who excelled
 All Troy in fight when Ilium was besieged.'
 While thus he speaks, thy tears shall flow
 afresh,

The guardian of thy freedom while he lived
 Forever lost; but be my bones inhumed,
 A senseless store, or ere thy parting cries
 Shall pierce mine ear, and thou be dragged
 away."

We might object to an expression here and there, such as "senseless store," but the version must leave Pope and Dryden far behind, and as a whole it is more uniformly good than Chapman. It is true to Homer, and true to good taste and feeling, and will be the more valued as the reader dwells more and more on it.

We wish to bring forward one specimen more of Sotheby, though we fear the present will hardly raise him in the opinion of scholars:—

"Hector replied, 'These all, O wife beloved,
 All that moves thee, my heart have deeply
 moved.

Yet more I dread each son of Trojan birth,
 More Ilium's dames whose raiment sweeps the
 earth,

If like a slave, where chiefs with chiefs en-
 gage,

The warrior Hector fears the war to wage.
 Not thus my heart inclines. Far rather, far,
 First of Troy's sons I led the van of war.

Firm fixed, not Priam's dignity alone
 And glory to uphold, but guard my own.
 I know the day draws near when Troy shall
 fall,

And Priam and his nation perish all.
 Yet, less, forebodings of the fate of Troy,
 Her king, and Hecuba, my peace destroy,
 Less—that my brethren, all the heroic band
 Must with their blood imbrue their native land,
 Than thoughts of thee in tears, to Greece a
 prey,

Dragged by the grasp of war in chains away.
 Of thee in tears, beneath an Argive roof,

Labouring reluctant the allotted woof.
Or doomed to draw from Hyperæia's cave
Or from Messei's fount, the measured wave,
A voice will then be heard that thou must hear,

"Seest thou yon captive pouring tear on tear?
Lo! Hector's wife, the hero bravest far,
When Troy and Greece round Ilium clashed
in war."

Then thou with keener anguish wilt deplore
Him whose cold arm can save his wife no more;

But first, may earth o'er me her mound up-
rear,

Ere I behold thee slaved, or see thy tear? "

This version must be pronounced, we fear, the most complete failure of all those which we have been comparing. The first three lines are feebly spun out into six. The line

"When Priam and his nation perish all."

is very bad indeed. Such expressions as "my peace destroy," "thee to Greece a prey," "grasp of war," and many others, seem very contrary to the spirit of Homer. still worse is "measured wave," as a weak conceit for water: and the last line, as Professor Wilson has already observed, is "a poor impostor detected in the vain attempt to pass itself off for

"πρὶν γ' ἔτι σῆς τε βοῆς σοῦ δ' ἔλκηθμοιο πύθισθαι."

Last, not least, let us hear Mr. Wright:—

"All these thy anxious cares are also mine,
Partner beloved; but how could I endure
The scorn of Trojans and their long-robed
wives,
Should they behold their Hector shrink from
war,

And act the coward's part? Nor doth my
soul

Prompt the base thought. Ever have I been
trained

To fight amid the formost and to guard
My father's deathless glory and my own.
For well doth my presaging mind foresee
A coming day, when sacred Troy shall fall,
Priam, and battle-loving Priam's race.
Yet all these threatened evils—all that Troy
Shall suffer, and e'en Hecuba herself,
And Priam, and my kinsmen many and brave,
Destined to fall beneath their foeman's steel,
Rack not my heart so deeply as the thought
Of thee a captive,—thee amid thy tears
Carried to Argos by some mail-clad Greek,
And there in labor of the loom employed,
Or bearing water at a stranger's beck
From Hyperæia, or Messei's fount,—
Yielding reluctant to imperious fate,
And some one who beholds thy tears shall

say,

'This was the wife of Hector, most renowned
Of all the Trojans, tamers of the steed,
What time the battle raged round Ilium's
walls.'

Thus some one will exclaim; and fresh will
flow

Thy grief for such a husband, whose strong
arm

Has shielded thee from slavery's evil day.

But o'er my mouldering corse may earth be
piled,

Ere thy lament and captive cry I hear."

Here again, as before, our translator has taken the only safe course, and followed the Greek almost word for word. We cannot too much praise the scrupulous fidelity with which the passage has been rendered. Even the constant epithets *ἑλκυσπέπλωνος*, *εὐμμελίου*, *χαλκοχιτώνων*, *ἱποδάμων*, all find their place, though of the other translators all have omitted some of them, and some perhaps all. No version can be completely faithful which omits a feature so characteristic of the author's manner. Let our readers but do Mr. Wright justice by comparing him closely with the Greek; they will find him more literal even than Cowper, and nearly, though not perhaps quite, equal to him in taste and feeling.

We have to apologize to our readers for the long array of quotations which we have brought before them, and which, we fear, must have sorely taxed their patience, and made them think that we are no more sitting in judgment on Mr. Wright than on Chapman, Pope, or Cowper, whose merits have been long since well weighed, and who have scarce a right to be again and again reconsidered. We can only meet the objection by repeating our former statement that Mr. Wright had a fair claim to be judged, not by an ideal standard of what we might have supposed possible in a translation, but by comparison with those who have actually preceded him in the same path. Tried by this test, he will be seen to be worthy to win a good place among that imposing list of great names. In one point, namely, in faithfulness to his author's text, he excels all except Mr. Newman, and this in itself is no mean praise. We are well aware, indeed, that such faithfulness is apt to be lightly esteemed. We may be told that a literal translation can never be a perfect translation; that, by the very care taken to reproduce the letter of his author, the servile copyist runs the greater risk of failing to reproduce the spirit; that we may turn Homer, passage by passage, line by line, word by word, into neat scholar-like English,

every epithet and every particle may find its place,—yet we may have for our result a mere picture without life or movement, too clearly showing that it is not for the learning of the library or cloister to grasp the spirit of the “poet of the broad highway and market-place;” that the higher and bolder attempt takes the original as a basis on which to rear a poem that shall affect our countrymen as the original may be conceived to have affected its natural hearers; in a word, it is by imitation, not by translation, that we may best represent to an English mind an ancient poet.* It must be owned that the supporters of this theory are not without facts to back them. Dryden’s magnificent imitation of Horace † may well make translators shrink from competition. The satiric vein of Horace is better appreciated from the imitations of Pope than the translations of Francis; even Gifford’s excellent translation of Juvenal may fail to bring his author as vividly before us as the *London* and *Vanity of Human Wishes* of Johnson.

But we have no belief in the possibility of such a representation of Homer, and it is perhaps well that none have provoked failure by trying to realize it. He who translates faithfully runs the lesser risk, and (to quote a well-known image applied by Lord Macaulay in a similar case) if he aims at a modest mark, he at least hits the white, and is so far better than he who shoots at the stars. Better it is to have labored as Cowper has labored, than to aim at conveying by a free translation the author’s true sense and spirit, yet to succeed only in palming off on the frigid conceits of the translator’s own imagination, sure sooner or later to be detected as impostures, and rob their author even of such praise as he had justly won. Mr. Wright will scarcely succeed, where Cowper has failed, in dislodging Pope’s version from its hold on the general reader, who looks less to fidelity than brilliancy; but he will be appreciated by the scholar accustomed to test a translation rigidly by comparison with the original, to look perhaps with excessive care to finish in detail rather than boldness and general effect, and find pardon even for a version that seems bare and bald so it be scholar-like and faithful. In exactness Mr. Wright, as we have

seen, even exceeds Cowper, though he does not equal him in poetic taste. Sotheby bears much the same relation to Pope, though Cowper, far better than Pope, holds his own against his younger rival.

We may perhaps wish that in his choice of a metre Mr. Wright had not followed Cowper’s example. We fully admit that “to invade the peculiar province of Pope would be the height of temerity,”* and we as fully accept the opinion quoted from Longfellow, that “the hexameter is inexorable, and the motions of the English muse in that measure are not unlike those of a prisoner dancing to the music of his chains.” Yet though the couplet and the hexameter be abandoned, the Miltonic verse is not our only refuge; for we have yet the metres in which are embodied the most really and truly Homeric of all the creations of the English muse, the ballad-poetry of ancient times; † and the association between metre and subject is one that it would be true wisdom to preserve. Cowper has complained in his preface of the difficulty of preserving dignity in a literal version: “It is difficult to kill a sheep with dignity in a modern language, to flay and prepare it for the table, detailing every circumstance of the process. Difficult also, without sinking below the level of poetry, to harness mules to a wagon, particularizing every article of their furniture, rings, staples, straps, and even the tying of the knots that kept all together.” The difficulty is indeed great; but we believe it to be less evident in the comparative freedom of the ballad than in the somewhat stilted gravity of blank verse, a metre which may be Homeric in Milton, but scarce seems to obey a weaker hand.

As regards the *vexata questio* of Greek or Latin names for the deities, Mr. Wright is probably correct in saying that it is almost hopeless to escape incurring the charge of pedantry on the one hand, or barbarism on the other.

* Preface, p. viii.

† Mr. Newman (Preface, p. x.) considers that “our real old ballad-writers are too poor and mean to represent Homer, and are too remote in diction from our times to be popularly intelligible.” No doubt a translation would have to be based upon our ballad-poetry rather than a reproduction of it. Indeed, the English ballad-poetry was itself modified from time to time as its diction became obsolete. The difference between the more ancient and the more modern version of “Chevy Chase” is considerably greater than that between the latter and the language of our own times.

* Cf. Retrospective Review, iii. 169.

† Od. iii. 29 (latter part).

We confess, however, to being sorry that he preferred the latter charge to the former, as we believe that the retention of Greek names is fast ceasing to appear pedantic, and that any work which could look forward to living into the next generation could look forward to a time when a scholar's teeth would be set on edge at hearing of Jupiter and Juno in a translation from Greek. Long before that time many a schoolmaster will have enforced on the youthful mind, by arguments more convincing than ever issued from the lips of the eloquent, such a lesson as Sir E. B. Lytton has put into the mouth of the German pedagogue of Pisistratus Caxton:—

“‘Vat do you mean by dranslating Zeus, Jupiter? Is dat amatory, irascible, cloud-compelling god of Olympus, vid his eagle and his ægis, in de slightest degree resembling de grave, formal, moral Jupiter Optimus Maximus of the Roman Capitol? a god, Master Simpkins, who would have been shocked at the idea of running after innocent Fraülein dressed up as a swan or a bull. I put dat question to you vonce for all, Master Simpkins.’ Master Simpkins took care to agree with the doctör. ‘And how could you,’ resumed Dr. Herman, majestically, turning to another criminal alumnus,—‘how could you presume to dranslate de Ares of Homer, sir, by de audacious vulgarism Mars? Ares, Master Jones, who roared as loud as ten thousand men when he was hurt, or as you vill roar, if I catch you calling him Mars again! Ares, who covered seven plethra of ground; Ares the manslayer,—with the Mars or Mavors whom de Romans stole from de Sabines! Mars, de solemn and calm protector of Rome! Master Jones, Master Jones, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! Und du! and dou, Aphrodité, dou whose bert de seasons welcomed! dou, who didst put Atonis into a coffer, and den tid durn him into an anemone; dou to be called Venus by dat snivel-nosed little Master Budderfield! Venus, who presided over Baumgartens and funerals, and nasty tink-ing sewers! Venus Cloacina,—O mein Gott! come here, Master Budderfield; I must a flog you for dat; I must indeed, liddle boy!’”

Those who have believed a perfect translation of Homer to be an impossibility will hardly, we fear, the less believe it upon examination of such specimens as we have submitted to their judgment; they will be conscious that all, in spite of their many merits,

* The Caxtons, b. i. c. 7.

are more or less wanting; yet that the cause of failure lies, not in the incapacity or carelessness of the translators, but mainly in the unconscious strength and majestic simplicity of the author who thus seems to defy translation. They will see too that all the progress of modern scholarship, great as it has been, greater still though it may be destined to become, gives but slender hope of the attainment of their wishes. We have indeed opened up a flood of questions, most interesting and instructive, respecting the origin and structure of the Homeric poems. Their historical value as a picture of early Greek life, their philological value as a storehouse of early Greek language, have been again and again discussed; here and there a Buttmann or Passow may have altered the interpretation of a word. Still we admit that even Chapman had sufficient knowledge of the language to be in the main a correct interpreter; that none but a very literal modern version would show a material difference from him in point of accuracy; that even the most correct would not differ nearly as much from him as we might at first sight be inclined to imagine. On the other hand, the years that have given us scholarship have robbed us of far too much of that spirit which alone could make Homer a living book to us. An age when chivalry and warlike enterprise had not yet given way to commerce and industry, with all their changes of sentiment; an age which had not long since had Sidney for its Achilles and Drake for its Odysseus,—might well excel us in this vigorous freshness; a spirit which was yet more hearty in an age to which Chapman was modern, when minstrels tuned their harp in knightly halls to the deeds of the Bruce, the Percy, or the Douglas;—the age that lived and breathed in the spirit of Homer, though it knew him not. All this we have lost and much more, and the great poets of modern times have been less and less inclined to peril their poetic fame by attempting a translation of the untranslatable. Few have drunk more deeply of the spirit of ancient legendary lore than the Laureate, yet he is scarcely likely to follow in the steps of Chapman or Cowper; and his best friends, perhaps, would least wish to see him do so. To a perfect translation, it seems, we must ever remain strangers, till some rare combination of circumstances has united in the

same person the full learning and scholarship of the nineteenth century with that magic gift for describing stirring scenes, and living in the history of the past,—that command of all the language of fiery valor and knightly duty,—which has been granted to none of all the writers of later days save Sir Walter Scott.

For the present, our translators are but mortal men, and must be satisfied with such scanty measure of success as they can win. It would seem as if all the students of Homer,—editors, commentators, translators, yes, and infallible critics and reviewers too,—all were but as the suitors who strove in vain to bend the mighty bow of Odysseus. There it lies before us to string, if string it we can; and at first sight it may seem as if a child could achieve the task; and it is only when we address ourselves to it that we mark its

unyielding stubbornness. One may scarce move it an inch, another may almost seem to draw it to the neck; yet the strained muscle betrays their weakness, the wondrous bow still mocks their puny strivings. The suitors discerned not the hero in his disguise, nor can we point out the genius, though he may be even now amongst us, calm in the consciousness of his strength, who shall without strain or effort string the bow which none but he can wield, and from that string, in his hands alone alike tuneful and warlike, awake the long-forgotten echoes of its magic music.

“—μεγα τῶον ἐξιάσασε, καὶ ἴδε πάντα,
‘Ὡς δ’ ὅτ’ ἀνὴρ φόρμιγγος ἐπιστάμενος καὶ αὐδῆς
Ῥηϊδίως ἐθανύνατο νέφ’ περὶ κῦλλοπι χορῇ.
‘Ως ἀρ’ ἄτερ σπουδῆς τάναυσεν μέγα τῶον ‘Οδυσεύς.
Δεξιτέρῃ δ’ ἄρα χειρὶ λαβὼν πειριστάο νευρῆς,
Ἥ δ’ ὑπὸ καλὸν αἶσα, χελιδὼν εἰκέλη· αἰδῶν.”

NEW DRILLING MACHINE.—At a recent meeting of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers—one of the most useful associations of the kind in England—Mr. Cochrane described a machine for drilling instead of punching holes in wrought iron. It was designed to drill holes in plates required for the construction of a railway bridge over the Thames—a piece of work in which the ordinary system of punching was not sufficiently accurate. The plate to be drilled is placed on a table, surrounded by a wrought iron frame, within which the plate is accurately adjusted to the proper position by set screws. The table is then raised by outer pressure, and pressed against the drills by an accumulator. There are eighty drills. They are driven at forty to fifty turns per minute, with a pressure of twenty tons on the table, and eighty holes, an inch in diameter, are drilled through a three-eighths plate in fifteen minutes. The drills last about ten hours without sharpening and the power required for the machine is about ten horse. In a discussion which followed the exhibition of the machine, the defects of the system of punching were characterized as numerous and great. Besides want of accuracy, the punching tends to throw the iron out of shape, and, as applied to boilers, the belief was expressed that by weakening the iron they were the cause of many explosions.

THE total consumption of zinc is computed at 67,000,000 tons annually; of which quantity

44,000 tons are employed in the form of laminated sheets. Fifteen years ago scarcely 5,000 tons of zinc were used by builders, and its use was nearly null in shipbuilding. Its employment in the stamped ornaments so common now on the exterior of houses, dates only from 1853. Zinc is extracted from calamine, which ore is submitted to a calcination which deprives it of one-twentieth of its weight, after which it is crushed and mixed with one-third of its volume in coal dust. The mixture is then wetted and placed in smelting-pots, where it remains twelve hours, when it is run into metal moulds. It is next cleaned from dross by a second smelting, then run into ingots of a given size; and lastly is rolled into sheets. The zinc used for roofing and in shipbuilding must be of the utmost purity; the presence of iron or lead, in ever so small a quantity, creates, when acted upon by humidity, a galvanic action which destroys the metal. The use of iron nails is especially to be avoided wherever zinc is employed and zinc nails used to secure any object made of zinc, or if these are considered too costly, nails of galvanized iron. Of the 44,000 tons of zinc used annually in the form of sheets, 23,000 tons are employed in sheathing ships, 3,500 tons in lining ships, 2,500 in packing-cases, 12,500 in domestic utensils, 1,500 in stamped ornaments, 1,500 in various small uses too numerous to mention. As the lime contained in some waters so corrodes this substance, it is advisable, in lining a reservoir therewith, to separate the metal from the brickwork by a layer of sand or earth.

From The Daily Advertiser.
ON THE TOMB OF THE WASHINGTON
FAMILY IN ENGLAND.

Boston, 22 Nov., 1860.

MY DEAR SIR: Since our last conversation the Earl Spencer has kindly sent to me precise copies of the two "Memorial Stones" of the English family of George Washington, which I have already described to you as harmonizing exactly with the pedigree which has the sanction of your authority. These are of the same stone and of the same size with the originals and have the original inscriptions—being in all respects *fac similes*. They will, therefore, give you an exact idea of these most interesting memorials in the parish church of Brington, near Althorp, in Northamptonshire.

The largest is of Lawrence Washington, the father of John Washington, who emigrated to America. It is a slab of bluish gray sandstone and measures five feet and nine inches long and two feet and seven inches broad.

Here is the inscription:—

"HERE LIETH THE BODI OF LAVRENCE
WASHINGTON SONNE AND HEIRE OF
ROBERT WASHINGTON OF SOVLGRAVE
IN THE COUNTIE OF NORTHAMPTON
ESQUIER WHO MARRIED MARGARET
THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM
BUTLER OF TEES IN THE COUNTIE
OF SUSSEXE ESQUIER, WHO HAD ISSU
BY HER 8 SONNS AND 9 DAUGHTERS
WHICH LAVRENCE DECESSED THE 13
OF DECEMBER A. DNI 1616

THOSE THAT BY CHANCE OR CHOYCE
OF THIS HAST SIGHT
KNOW LIFE TO DEATH RESIGNES
AS DAYE TO NIGHT;
BUT AS THE SUNNS RETORNE
REVIVES THE DAY
SO CHRIST SHALL US
THOUGH TURNEDE TO DUST & CLAY."

Above the inscription, carved in the stone, are the arms of the Washingtons with an additional quartering of another family.

The other is of Elizabeth Washington, daughter of Lawrence Washington, and sister of the emigrant. This is a slab of the same sandstone, and measures three feet and five inches long and two feet and six inches broad. The inscription is on a small brass plate set into the stone, and is as follows:—

"HERE LIES INTERRED YE BODIES OF ELIZAB.
WASHINGTON WIDDOWE WHO CHANGED THIS
LIFE FOR IMORTALITIE YE 19th OF MARCH
1622. AS ALSO YE BODY OF ROBERT WASH-
INGTON GENT. HER LATE HUSBAND SECOND
SONNE OF ROBERT WASHINGTON OF SOL-

GRAVE IN YE COUNTY OF NORTH. ESQR. WHO
DEPTED THIS LIFE YE 10th OF MARCH 1622.
AFTER THEY LIVED LOVINGLY TOGETHER
MANY YEARES IN THIS PARISH."

On a separate brass, beneath the inscription are the arms of the Washingtons without any addition. These, as you are well aware, have the combination of stars and stripes, and are sometimes supposed to have suggested our national flag. In heraldic language, there are bars of gules and argent with three mallets or stars.

In the interesting chapter on the Origin and Genealogy of the Washington Family, which you give in the Appendix to your Life of Washington, it appears that Lawrence, the father of the emigrant, died 13th Dec. and was buried at Brington 15th Dec., 1616. But the genealogical tables, which you followed, gave no indication of the locality of this church. Had it appeared that it was the parish church of the Spencer family in Northamptonshire, the locality, which I believe has not been heretofore known in our country, would have been precisely fixed.

In point of fact, the slab which covers Lawrence Washington is in the chancel of the church, by the side of the monuments of the Spencer family. These are all in admirable preservation, with full-length effigies, busts, or other sculptural work, and exhibit an interesting and connected series of sepulchral memorials from the reign of Henry VIII. to the present time. Among them is a monument by the early English sculptor, Nicholas Stone; another by Nollekins from a design by Cipriani, and another by Flaxman, with exquisitely beautiful personifications of Faith and Charity. Beneath repose the successive representatives of this illustrious family which has added to its aristocratic claims by services to the state, and also by the unique and world-famous library collected by one of its members. In this companionship will be found the last English ancestor of our Washington.

The other slab, covering Elizabeth, the sister of the emigrant, is in one of the aisles of the nave where it is scraped by the feet of all who pass.

The parish of Brington is between seven and eight miles from the town of Northampton, not far from the centre of England. It is written in Domesday Book "Brintone" and also "Brintone." It contains about 2210 acres, of which about 1490 acres belong to Earl Spencer, about 326 acres to the rector in right of the church, and about 130 acres to other persons. The soil is in general a dark-colored loam with a small trace of clay towards the north. Nearly four-fifths of the whole is pasture and feeding land.

In the village still stands the house, said to have been occupied by the Washingtons when the emigrant brother left them. You will see a vignette of it on the title-page of the recent English work, entitled *The Washingtons*. Over the door is carved the words, "The Lord giveth; the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord," while the parish register gives a pathetic commentary by showing that, in the very year when this house was built a child had been born and another had died in this family.

The church, originally dedicated to the Virgin, stands at the north-east angle of the village, and consists of an embattled tower with five bells, a nave, north and south aisles, a chancel, a chapel and a modern porch. The tower is flanked by buttresses of two stages. The present fabric goes back in its origin to the beginning of the fourteenth century, nearly two hundred years before the discovery of America. The chancel and chapel, where repose the Spencers and Lawrence Washington, were rebuilt by Sir John Spencer, the purchaser of the estate, at the beginning of the sixteenth century. They afford one of the latest specimens of the Tudor style of architecture. The church is beautifully situated on the summit of the highest ground of Brighthelm, and is surrounded by a stone wall flanked on the inside by trees. Dibdin says that a more complete picture of a country churchyard is rarely seen. A well-trimmed walk encircles the whole of the interior, while the fine Gothic windows at the end of the chancel fill the scene with picturesque beauty.

The Register of the Parish, which is still preserved, commences in 1560. From this it appears that Wm. Proctor was the rector from 1601 to 1627, covering the period of the last of the Washingtons there. The following further entries occur relating to this family:—

1616. "Mr. Lawrence Washington was buried XVth day of December."

1620. "Mr. Philip Curtis & Mis Amy Washington were married August 8."

1622. "Mr. Robert Washington was buried March ye 11th."

— "Mrs. Elizabeth Washington, widow, was buried March ye 20th."

Of one of the ministers in this church we have an interesting glimpse in Evelyn's *Memoirs* (Vol. I., p. 612), where the following entry will be found under date of July, 1688: "Dr. Jeffries, the minister of Althorp, who was my lord's chaplain when ambassador in France, preached the shortest discourse I ever heard; but what was defective in the amplitude of his sermon, he had supplied in the largeness and convenience of the parsonage house."

At a short distance—less than a mile—is Althorp, the seat of the Spencers, surrounded by a park of five hundred acres, one of whose gates opens near the church. There are oak trees, bordering on the churchyard, which were growing at the time of the purchase of the estate in the reign of Henry VII. Evelyn was often here a delighted visitor. On one occasion he speaks of "the house or rather palace at Althorp." (Vol. I., p. 612.) In another place he describes it as "placed in a pretty open bottom, very finely watered and flanked with stately woods and groves in a park." (Vol. I., p. 451.) Let me add that there is an engraving of Althorp at this time, by the younger Vosterman, a Dutch artist.

There is one feature of the park which excited the admiration of Evelyn, and at a later day of Mrs. Jameson, who gives to it some beautiful pages in her "Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad." It is the record of the time when different plantations of trees was begun. While recommending this practice in his *Sylea*, Evelyn remarks, "the only instance I know of the like in our country is in the park at Althorp." There are six of these commemorative stones. The first records a wood planted by Sir John Spencer, in 1567 and 1568; the second a wood planted by Sir John Spencer, son of the former, in 1589; the third, a wood planted by Robert Lord Spencer, in 1602 and 1603; the fourth, a wood planted by Sir William Spencer, Knight of the Bath, afterwards Lord Spencer, in 1624. The latter stone is ornamented with the arms of the Spencers, and on the back is inscribed "Up and bee doing, and God will prosper." It was in this scenery and amidst these associations that the Washingtons lived. When the emigrant left in 1657, these woods must have been well grown. It was not long afterwards that they arrested the attention of Evelyn.

The Household Books at Althorp show that for many years the Washingtons were frequent guests there. The hospitality of this seat has been renowned. The queen of James I. and the Prince Henry on their way to London, in 1603, were welcomed there in an entertainment, memorable for a masque from the vigorous muse of Ben Jonson. (Ben Jonson's Works, vol. VI., p. 475.) Charles I. was at Althorp, in 1647, when he received the first intelligence of the approach of those pursuers from whom he never escaped until his life had been laid down upon the scaffold. In 1698, King William was there for a week, and according to Evelyn was "mightily entertained." (Vol. II., p. 50.) At least one of the members of this family was famous for hospital-

ity of a different character. Evelyn records that he used to dine with the Countess of Sunderland,—the title then borne by the Spencers,—“when she invited *fire-eaters*, *stone-eaters*, and *opera-singers*, after the fashion of the day.” (Vol. I., pp. 458, 483, 579.)

The family was early and constantly associated with literature. Spencer, the poet belonged to it; and to one of its members he has dedicated his “Tears of the Muses.” It was for Alice Spencer that Milton is said to have written his *Arcades*, and Sir John Harrington has celebrated her memory by an epigram. The Sacharissa of Waller was the Lady Dorothy Sidney, wife of the first Earl of Sunderland, the third Lord Spencer, who perished fighting for King Charles I. at Newbury. I do not dwell on other associations of a later day, as my object is simply to allude to those which existed in the time of the Washingtons.

“The nobility of the Spencers has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough; but I exhort them to consider the Fairy Queen as the most precious jewel of their coronet.” Thus wrote Gibbon in his memoirs, and all must feel the beauty of the passage. Perhaps it is not too much to say that this nobility may claim another illustration from its ties of friendship and neighborhood with the family of Washing-

ton. I cannot doubt that hereafter the parish church of Brington will be often visited by our countrymen, who will look with reverence upon a spot so closely associated with American history.

I trust that this little sketch, suggested by what I saw at Althorp during a brief visit last autumn, will not seem irrelevant. Besides my own personal impressions, and the volumes quoted, I have relied upon Dibdin's *Ædes Althorpiæ*, so interesting to all bibliographical students, and especially upon Baker's History of Northamptonshire,—one of those magnificent local works which illustrate English history—to which you refer in your Appendix, but which was not completed till some time after the Life of Washington appeared.

Of course the Memorial Stones, which I have received from Lord Spencer, are of much historic value, and I think that I shall best carry out the generous idea of the giver by taking care that they are permanently placed where they can be seen by the public; perhaps at the State House near Chantry's beautiful statue of Washington,—if this should be agreeable to the Commonwealth.

Pray pardon this long letter, and believe me, my dear sir, with much regard,

Ever sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

JARED SPARKS, ESQ.

THE liberal and enlightened Egyptian viceroy, Said Pacha, is causing his nieces—daughters of the late Il-Harin Pacha—to be educated in his palace, where they share the lessons given by European teachers to his little son, Tossoun-Pacha, so well known, in spite of his extreme youth in Paris and London, which he has already visited several times. The little fellow speaks French and English perfectly. His bust, executed in marble by Miss Susan Durant, of London, is one of the most successful efforts of this lady, who promises to become the Reynolds of sculpture. It was bespoken by Sir Moses Montefiore, and by him presented to the viceroy. The legal wives of this sovereign having presented him only with daughters, this child—the child of a slave—is the viceroy's only son, and the idol of the harem, each of whose inmates seems to have adopted him as her own. It is said that these ladies were extremely delighted when the bust of the child was received at the palace, and not a little astonished at learning that it was the work of one of their own sex.

THE French savans, who make it a point to claim for their country the honor of all scientific discoveries, are just putting forward a new candidate for the discovery of malleable platinum, which they declare is not due to Proust, Wollaston, Fourerroy, Bréant, or Janet, but to a Frenchman named Chabaneau. In the eighteenth century South America sent to Spain not merely gold and silver, but another metal, in the form of small granulated particles, white, hard, brittle, and non-fusible, which had received the name of *platina* (or silicium), from *plata* (silver). In 1780, Chabaneau, who was living in Madrid, directed his attention to the conversion of these grains into bars, and with entire success. The king, Charles III., proud of a discovery made in his capital, caused a medal of *platina* to be struck in its honor, and granted Chabaneau a pension. It is said that the royal patent conferring this pension bears the date of 1783. If such be the case, the validity of the claim put forth by the advocates of Chabaneau must be admitted.

From The Spectator.
CAPTAIN MARCY'S PRAIRIE AND OVER-
LAND TRAVELLER.*

THE art of navigation is a simple thing in its lowest grade, that of canal navigation; it is considerably more complex in rivers; and its difficulties increase in a rapidly accumulating ratio until they become almost infinite at the extreme end of the scale. Just so it is with land travelling. It is one thing to make a pedestrian tour in our own island,—quite another thing to climb the glaciers of the Alps; and a prudent man would hardly like to attempt the latter feat until he had consulted the works of Professor Tyndal and of other veterans in that particular field of enterprise. Journeying through vast wildernesses, infested by fierce and cunning savages, is a work in which consummate skill is requisite, and that skill does not come by nature, it is the fruit of individual experience grafted upon the combined experience of many preceding adventurers. The beginner must acquire the traditional lore of his new craft, and make himself master of its principles, either by conversation or by the study of books; but often the information he needs lies scattered through many volumes, and he wants time or opportunity for reading them up. What he most needs is a grammar of his art, such as the young seaman has in his "Norie," and this has now been provided for him by Captain Marcy of the United States Army. His book embodies the results of a quarter of a century's experience in frontier life, a great portion of which has been spent in exploring the interior of the American continent; and it has been reprinted without alteration for English and colonial use, in the well-grounded belief that its guidance will be valuable not only in the prairie, but equally so wherever the traveller is thrown upon his own resources. To home-keeping readers it will be scarcely less acceptable than to those for whose use it is specially intended, because it reproduces in epitome the personal interest of many narratives of adventure, and not seldom its practical instructions are conveyed in the shape of actual incident. For example:—

* *The Prairie and Overland Traveller*: a Companion for Emigrants, Traders, Travellers, Hunters, and Soldiers traversing Great Plains and Prairies. By Captain R. B. Marcy. Published by Sampson, Low, and Co.

"In passing over the Rocky Mountains during the winter of 1857-8, our supplies of provisions were entirely consumed eighteen days before reaching the first settlements in New Mexico, and we were obliged to resort to a variety of expedients to supply the deficiency. Our poor mules were fast failing and dropping down from exhaustion in the deep snows, and our only dependence for the means of sustaining life was upon these starved animals as they became unserviceable and could go no further. We had no salt, sugar, coffee, or tobacco, which, at a time when men are performing the severest labor that the human system is capable of enduring, was a great privation. In this destitute condition, we found a substitute for tobacco in the bark of the red willow, which grows upon many of the mountain streams in that vicinity. The outer bark is first removed with a knife, after which the inner bark is scraped up into ridges around the sticks, and held in the fire until it is thoroughly roasted, when it is taken off the stick, pulverized in the hand, and is ready for smoking. It has the narcotic properties of the tobacco, and is quite agreeable to the taste and smell. The sumach leaf is also used by the Indians in the same way, and has a similar taste to the willow bark. A decoction of the dried wild or horse-mint, which we found abundant under the snow, was quite palatable, and answered instead of coffee. It dries up in that climate, but does not lose its flavor. We suffered greatly for the want of salt; but, by burning the outside of our mule steaks, and sprinkling a little gunpowder upon them, it did not require a very extensive stretch of the imagination to fancy the presence of both salt and pepper. We tried the meat of horse, colt, and mules, all of which were in a starved condition, and, of course, not very tender, juicy, or nutritious. We consumed the enormous amount of from five to six pounds of this meat per man daily, but continued to grow weak and thin, until, at the expiration of twelve days, we were able to perform but little labor, and were continually craving for fat meat."

The chapter on saddles deserves the attention of commanders of cavalry and of all horsemen. Long ago Marshall Saxe declared that the Hungarian hussar saddle was the only one fit for cavalry. It is very similar to that of the horse-riding nomades of Asia and America, yet it appears that the Austrian and the Russian are the only European services in which it is adopted. Above all saddles known to him, Captain Marcy prefers a modification of the Mexican, called

the Californian saddle, which is exceedingly well adapted for rough frontier service, has an easier seat than the Mexican, and is thought by many to be the best for the horse's back. An excellent substitute for the saddle blanket has been found in a mat made of a kind of moss which abounds on trees in Southern States of the Union. It grows in tufts of long, dark gray fibres, and is one of the most dismal-looking objects in the whole vegetable kingdom. We never could see it on the tree without thinking of weather-stained scalps of Christian women streaming from the poles of an Indian wigwam. This moss is not unknown in England, where it has been used, without much advantage we believe, as stuffing for mattresses. Saddle-mats made of this cheap, durable, and cool material have been used for years by American officers in Mexico and Texas, and they all concur in opinion that a horse will never get a sore back when one of these mats is placed on it under a good saddle.

Captain Marcy notices the various remedies in most repute for the cure of bites by venomous serpents, and gives his decided preference to ardent spirits, taken until the patient becomes very much intoxicated. This is considered a sovereign antidote among American settlers on the western frontier, and cases are known to our author in which it was quite successful. He also adduces instances of cure by repeated applications of poultices made with powdered indigo and water. The first poultices turned white, and the application was renewed until the indigo ceased to change its color. He was present when an Indian child was bitten in the forefinger by a large rattlesnake. The mother immediately put the finger in her mouth, sucked the poison from it for some minutes, repeatedly spitting out as she did so, then applied to the wound chewed plantain leaves, over which she sprinkled finely powdered tobacco, and wrapped the finger up in a rag. The child did not afterwards suffer the least pain or inconvenience. Captain Marcy does not appear to have witnessed the administration of another remedy of which he reports wonderful things, naming his authority.

"Cedron, which is a nut that grows on the Isthmus of Panama, and which is sold by the druggists in New York, is said to be an infallible antidote to serpent-bites. In

the 'Bullet, de l'Acad. de Méd.' for February, 1858, it is stated that a man was bitten at Panama by a coral snake, the most poisonous species on the Isthmus. During the few seconds that it took him to take the cedron from his bag, he was seized with violent pains at the heart and throat; but he had scarcely chewed and swallowed a piece of the nut about the size of a small bean, when the pains ceased as by magic. He chewed a little more, and applied it externally to the wound, when the pains disappeared, and were followed by a copious evacuation of a substance like curdled milk. Many other cases are mentioned where the cedron proved an antidote."

Contrary to what some writers of fiction would lead us to expect, Captain Marcy has seen very few white men who were good at the Indian art of following up a trail, and practice did not seem very materially to improve their faculties in this regard:—

"An Indian, on coming to a trail, will generally tell at a glance its age, by what particular tribe it was made, the number of the party, and many other things connected with it astounding to the uninitiated. I remember, upon one occasion, as I was riding with a Delaware upon the prairies, we crossed the trail of a large party of Indians travelling with lodges. The tracks appeared to me quite fresh, and I remarked to the Indian that we must be near the party. 'Oh, no,' said he, 'the trail was made two days before, in the morning,' at the same time pointing with his finger to where the sun would be at about eight o'clock. Then, seeing that my curiosity was excited to know by what means he arrived at this conclusion, he called my attention to the fact that there had been no dew for the last two nights, but that on the previous morning it had been heavy. He then pointed out to me some spears of grass that had been pressed down into the earth by the horses' hoofs, upon which the sand still adhered, having dried on, thus clearly showing that the grass was wet when the tracks were made.

"At another time, as I was travelling with the same Indian, I discovered upon the ground what I took to be a bear-track, with a distinctly marked impression of the heel and all the toes. I immediately called the Indian's attention to it, at the same time flattering myself that I had made quite an important discovery, which had escaped his observation. The fellow remarked with a smile, 'Oh, no, captain, may be so he not bear-track.' He then pointed with his gun-rod to some spears of grass that grew near the impression, but I did not comprehend the

mystery until he dismounted and explained to me that, when the wind was blowing, the spears of grass would be bent over toward the ground, and the oscillating motion thereby produced would scoop out the loose sand into the shape I have described. The truth of this explanation was apparent, yet it occurred to me that its solution would have baffled the wits of most white men."

A very intelligent Indian of the Delaware tribe, named Black Beaver, was with Captain Marcy for two seasons in the capacity of guide. This man was a sort of cosmopolite, having visited, during ten years' service under the American Fur Company, nearly every point of interest within the limits of the unsettled territory of the Union. He was a great humorist, and one of his whims was to pretend that his well-won reputation as a fearless warrior was the drollest of mistakes, and he used to laugh heartily in telling what a mortal funk he had been in, when to others he had seemed to be inspired by the most headlong valor. The joke was so well maintained that the captain was for some time puzzled to know what to think of the man. "Captain," he would say, "if you have a fight, you mustn't count much on me, for I've a big coward. When the fight begins, I 'spect you'll see me run under the cannon; Injun mighty 'fraid of big gun."

"I remember, upon one occasion, I had bivouacked for the night with Black Beaver, and he had been endeavoring to while away the long hours of the evening by relating to me some of the most thrilling incidents of his highly adventurous and erratic life, when, at length, a hiatus in the conversation gave me an opportunity of asking him if he was a married man. He hesitated for some time; then looking up and giving his forefinger a twirl, to imitate the throwing of a lasso, replied, 'One time me catch 'um wife. I pay that woman, *his modder*, one hoss—one saddle—one bridle—two plug tobacco, and plenty goods. I take him home to my house—got plenty meat—plenty corn, plenty every thing. One time me go take walk, maybe so three, maybe so two hours. When I come home, that woman he say, "Black Beaver, what for you go way long time?" I say, "I not go nowhere; I just take one littel walk." Then that woman he get heap mad, and say, "No, Black Beaver, you not take no littel walk. I know what for you go way; you go see nodder one woman." I say, "Maybe not." Then that woman she

cry long time, and all e'time now she mad. You never seen 'Merican woman that a-way?"

"I sympathized most deeply with my friend in his distress, and told him for his consolation that, in my opinion, the women of his nation were not peculiar in this respect; that they were pretty much alike all over the world, and I was under the impression that there were well-authenticated instances even among white women, where they had subjected themselves to the same causes of complaint so feelingly depicted by him. Whereupon he very earnestly asked, 'What you do for cure him? Whip him?' I replied, No; that, so far as my observation extended, I was under the impression that this was generally regarded by those who had suffered from its effects as one of those chronic and vexatious complaints which would not be benefited by the treatment he suggested, even when administered in homœopathic doses, and I believed it was now admitted by all sensible men, that it was better in all such cases, to let nature take its course, trusting to a merciful Providence.

"At this reply, his countenance assumed a dejected expression, but at length he brightened up again and triumphantly remarked, 'I tell you, my friend, what I do; I ketch 'um nodder one wife when I go home.'

"Black Beaver had visited St. Louis and the small towns upon the Missouri frontier, and he prided himself not a little upon his acquaintance with the customs of the whites, and never seemed more happy than when an opportunity offered to display this knowledge in presence of his Indian companions. It so happened, upon one occasion, that I had a Comanche guide who bivouacked at the same fire with Beaver. On visiting them one evening, according to my usual practice, I found them engaged in a very earnest and apparently not very amicable conversation. On inquiring the cause of this, Beaver answered, 'I've been telling this Comanche what I seen 'mong the white folks.'

"I said, 'Well, Beaver, what did you tell him?'

"I tell him 'bout the steamboats, and the railroads, and the heap o' houses I seen in St. Louis.'

"Well, sir, what does he think of that?'

"He say I've d—d fool.'

"What else did you tell him about?'

"I tell him the world is round, but he keep all e'time say, Hush, you fool! do you spose I've child? Haven't I got eyes? Can't I see the prairie? You call him round? He say, too, maybe so I tell you

something you not know before. One time my grandfather he make long journey that way (pointing to the west). When he get on big mountain, he seen heap water on t'other side, jest so flat he can be, and he seen the sun go right straight down on t'other side. I then tell him all these rivers he seen, all e'time the water he run; s'pose the world flat, the water he standstill. Maybe so he not b'lieve me?

"I told him it certainly looked very much like it. I then asked him to explain to the Comanche the magnetic telegraph. He looked at me earnestly, and said, 'What you call that magnetic telegraph?'

"I said, 'You have heard of New York and New Orleans?'

"Oh, yes," he replied.

"Very well; we have a wire connecting these two cities, which are about a thousand miles apart, and it would take a man thirty days to ride it upon a good horse. Now a man stands at one end of this wire in New York, and by touching it a few times he inquires of his friend in New Orleans what he had for breakfast. His friend in New Orleans touches the other end of the wire, and in ten minutes the answer comes back—ham and eggs. Tell him that, Beaver."

"His countenance assumed a most comical expression, but he made no remark until I again requested him to repeat what I had said to the Comanche, when he observed, 'No, captain, I not tell him that, for I don't b'lieve that myself.'

"Upon my assuring him that such was the fact, and that I had seen it myself, he said, 'Injun not very smart; sometimes he's big fool, but he holler pretty loud; you hear him maybe half a mile; you say 'Merican man he talk thousand miles. I 'spect you try to fool me now captain; *maybe so you lie.*'"

The prairie Indians are very different in habits and character from the tribes that formerly dwelt on the Atlantic seaboard, and our author has never been able to discover among them any traces of the virtues which are esteemed by civilized men. He believes that it is impossible to purchase their goodwill by presents, or to make them endurable as neighbors, except by inflicting upon them such a lesson as will not soon be forgotten,—

"The opinion of a friend of mine, who has passed the last twenty-five years of his life among the Indians of the Rocky Mountains, corroborates the opinions I have advanced upon this head, and although I do not endorse all of his sentiments, yet many of them are deduced from long and matured experience and critical observation. He says, 'They are the most onartainest varmint in all creation, and I reckon tha'r not mor'n half human; for you never seed a human, arter you'd fed and treated him to the best fixins in your lodge, jist turn round and steal all your horses, or any other thing he could lay his hands on. No, not adzackly. He would feel kinder grateful, and ask you to spread a blanket in his lodge ef you ever passed that a-way. But the Injun he don't care shucks for you, and is ready to do you a heap of mischief as soon as he quits your feed. No, Cap.,' he continued, 'It's not the right way to give um presents to buy peace; but ef I war governor of these year United States, I'll tell you what I'd do. I'd invite um all to a big feast, and make b'lieve I wanted to have a big talk; and as soon as I got um all together, I'd pitch in and sculp about half of um, and then t'other half would be mighty glad to make a peace that would stick. That's the way I'd make a treaty with the dog'ond, red-bellied varmint; and as sure as you're born, Cap., that's the only way.'

"I suggested to him the idea that there would be a lack of good faith and honor in such a proceeding, and that it would be much more in accordance with my notions of fair dealing to meet them openly in the field, and there endeavor to punish them if they deserve it. To this he replied, 'Taint no use to talk about honor with them, Cap.: they haint got no such thing in um; and they wont show fair fight, any way you can fix it. Don't they kill and sculp a white man when-ar they g't the better on him? The mean varmint, they'll never behave themselves until you give um a clean out-and-out licking. They can't understand white folks' ways, and they wont learn um; and ef you treat um decently, they think you ar afraid. You may depend on't Cap., the only way to treat Injuns is to thrash them well at first, then the balance will sorter take to you and behave themselves.'"

From The Economist, 3 Nov.

THE CAPRICIOUS INTERVENTION OF FRANCE IN NAPLES.

WHATEVER be the true interpretation to be put on the French intervention at Gaeta, it is in any case a reckless and unworthy act. It can have no result but one,—to increase the cost of the sacrifice which the siege of Gaeta will cause probably both to besiegers and besieged. We are assured by the *Morning Post* of yesterday that the French government represent it “as simply an isolated act intended as a personal kindness to spare the king of Naples the painful necessity of surrendering as a prisoner to his own subjects,” and that therefore it “is not to be considered to indicate any departure from the policy of non-intervention which the government of the emperor of the French has hitherto so wisely and honorably observed in Southern Italy.” We trust this is the true explanation. It is certainly difficult to assign any intelligible reason for such a policy, and this is perhaps as good as any other unintelligible reason. But it is unintelligible. The practical effect of preventing Admiral Persano from bombarding Gaeta will probably be to prolong indefinitely the siege of that almost invincible fortress. The siege from the land side alone will certainly be difficult, and if the object of the French move be merely to secure the unfortunate Francis II. from the necessity of surrendering himself to his rival, a safe conduct for the ex-king and his suite might have been procured from Sardinia by the influence of France, and placed in the ex-king’s hands to be used whenever he might consider his cause really lost, without this unjustifiable interruption of the necessary military operations of the siege. Gaeta is far stronger than Capua,—and till it has surrendered, it is exceedingly probable that even Capua will hold out. Blood enough has been shed fruitlessly already, and all Europe is eager for the natural termination of the Italian revolution and the quiet inauguration of Victor Emmanuel’s reign. If the emperor of the French really wishes, as the *Constitutionnel* gives out, to be regarded as the “Moderator” of the Italian revolution, he could not do worse than delay the issue now so near. Every hour added to the struggle adds to the bitter memories of civil war; and while the French squadron practically defends

Gaeta from the sea, and so sets all the garrison at liberty to combine their energies against their assailants on the land side, it must tend to prolong the civil war by many painful days or even weeks.

We have written on the supposition that the only motive,—if it can be called so,—of this inexplicable attitude of the French government, is that which the *Morning Post* assigns. As the explanation no doubt comes from the highest authority on French policy in this country, we are inclined to hope that it is entitled to credit. The dealings of France, however, with the Italian question have been so variable, and at times so threatening, that we are compelled to admit the possibility that some capricious move may still be intended,—some attempt to exhibit Italy as still completely at the mercy of France, and to gain the reputation of forbearance, if not any thing more, by the policy she dictates. We cannot forget that only a few weeks ago the Duke de Gramont either was, or is supposed to have been, empowered positively to assure General Lamoricière that any invasion of the Roman States by the Sardinian army would be forcibly resisted by France. The official journal of Rome prints the following despatch to General Lamoricière as received by the latter on the 16th September:—

“The emperor has written from Marseilles to the king of Sardinia to inform him that, if the Piedmontese troops should enter the pontifical territory, he will be obliged to oppose them; orders are already given for the embarkation of troops at Toulon, and they will be sent forward without delay. The government of the emperor will not tolerate the unjustifiable aggression of the government of Sardinia. As vice-consul of France you will regulate your proceedings accordingly.”

(Signed)

“GRAMONT.”

As eventually the emperor did not oppose the entry of the Piedmontese, it may be, if this despatch is genuine, either that he had not made up his mind but wished the Duke de Gramont to write as if he had made up his mind, in order to prevent the Piedmontese move, or that he used the Duke de Gramont as a mere instrument to blind the pontifical government to the real wishes and intentions of France. But the actual adoption of the step in the case of Naples, which was only talked about in the case of the Roman States, cannot but throw some doubt

over the theory that the emperor has all along secretly supported Piedmont and intended to promote her ultimate triumph.

At all events, the movement is sufficiently equivocal to render it the duty of the English press to speak out very strongly the conviction—we think we may say the determination—of the English people on this subject; and we do not hesitate to affirm that they are resolved, if needful to secure for Italy full liberty to decide her own destiny as against the intervention of any non-Italian power. Should the intervention of France at Gaeta prove to have,—as we trust and think it will not,—any serious meaning, it cannot but result in a complete breach between England and France, in a quarrel which can scarcely fail to have serious consequences.

There is no question of foreign policy in which the popular mind of England has taken so deep an interest since the peace of 1815, as the Italian revolution. Englishmen looked on coldly at first only because they saw that France was initiating the movement, and dreaded that it would end not in a free Italy, but in the substitution of French for Austrian rule. Their full sympathy was gained only when the French arms were withdrawn. It steadily grew as province after province evinced the moderation, the firmness, the political self-restraint which was needful to counteract the policy of the Villafranca treaty. The noble self-forgetfulness of Tuscany, the steady pertinacity of Parma, Modena, and the Romagna filled the English people with trust and admiration. From the day when France claimed her reward in the despoiled provinces of Savoy and Nice, England learned to regard her

part in the revolution not merely with suspicion, but with profound jealousy and dislike. At the same time the adventurous mission of Garibaldi deepened our political sympathy with Italy into one of unusual vigor. When his handful of troops drove before them the well-disciplined armies of Naples, we ascertained with absolute certainty that the south of Italy was not less unanimous in its eagerness to be rid of its native tyrants than the north, of Austrian dictation. From that time up to the entry of Victor Emmanuel, in whose name all the marvels had been done, into the Roman and Neapolitan States, England has given her heart more and more to this great cause, and averted it with more and more decisive disapprobation from the ruler who fought, ostensibly for ideas, and really, for slices of Italian territory. And nothing would exasperate England more than to see the Italian movement defeated by the artificial intervention of a foreign ruler. No government in England could long stand, that should tamely permit such an intervention, such a departure from that great policy of Italy which, when announced by England, received the adhesion of the emperor himself in his letter to Count Persigny. There is but one solution to the Italian question which Italy will accept,—and unnecessary delays in bringing about that solution is a European evil. It is no longer a matter at the discretion of France whether or not she will divert the streams of events which is rapidly tending to that solution. If she attempts to do so, she cannot but find that there are points on which the popular policy of England is not only clear, but resolved. We trust and hope that no such lamentable difference of policy is really to be dreaded.

ACCORDING to the *Agronomische Zeitung*, fruit, ornamented with various fanciful designs, initials, coats of arms, etc., has been sold in Vienna for a few weeks past. In order to produce these ornaments, the gardener selects a fine growing apple, pear, plum, peach, or whatever fruit he wishes to operate upon, and at the approach of the period when the fruit is beginning

to assume its distinctive color, he fixes upon its surface, with the aid of a little gum, the letters or forms he wishes to produce, neatly cut out of paper. When the fruit is fully ripe, the bits of paper are removed, and the portions of surface they had covered are found to be of a brilliant white.

